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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Whirligig Minds

WE know that it is man's power to adapt himself to a changing environment that has made him lord of the continents and king of the animals. He can freeze or roast to a degree without damage, rapid changes in temperature make him more frisky, he can be vegetarian or meat eater, he can drink or abstain, he learns how to live under Oriental despotism and adjusts himself to the herd movements of democracy. Slavish when a slave, he is predatory with the nomads, a dreamer with the sages, a tool user in industrialism, a knight, monk, æsthete, peasant, capitalist, vulgarian, chieftain, or movie star according to circumstance. And in a recent article in *Harper's*, I. A. Richards, Cambridge don and author of a standard work on literary criticism, argues that among all men the American has carried man's adaptability to its peak, and beyond.

It is Mr. Richard's idea that the frontier conditions of American history, and the vast admixture of blood and custom in American immigration, and the high pressure development of American social and economic life, have fostered this power of adaptation until it has become dominant. It is certainly true that what roots the American possesses he has dragged after him from town to town. By middle age his clothes, his accent, his religion, and his diet have all changed, sometimes more than once. You do not ask him where he lives, but where he is living now. He slides through society like an elastic eel.

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And so with his opinions. The sudden swings of opinion in the United States which make most elections landslides and produce such violent changes in belief, Mr. Richards ascribes to an excessive adaptability. We were all, one remembers, for the League of Nations in 1918, but after Europe had disappointed us and the Elder Statesmen had crawled out of the dugouts to have their say, we found adaptation to a new point of view easy, and in twelve months were all against the League. Millions of good Baptists and Methodists sat next door to the teaching of evolution until Mr. Bryan made an issue of it, then, presto, the American who had adapted himself to the new tolerance, readapted himself to the new intolerance. We were noted for our adaptability to political experiment, but give experiment a bad name, like Bolshevism, and we pull in our flexible minds with the utmost readiness and adapt ourselves to the idea of being afraid of change until we jump at an alarmist's rattle which Europeans, who have reason to fear Sovietism, would laugh at. And no one has humor enough to shout "banana oil."

Mr. Richards, being an alien and courteous, only hints at some of the more absurd effects of over-adaptability, and concludes his essay with the comforting belief that the new type of man who will succeed in adjusting himself to the accelerating tempo of the industrial age will have to be adaptive to a degree hitherto unprecedented. He thinks that the Americans, having lifted the brakes, are coasting in the right direction even if they do skid and wabble as they dash toward the future.

Unfortunately few of us will see this future in which the nimble mind learns to keep a step ahead of circumstances. One fears that it may never come: and that the excessive elasticity of the modern mind presages a period of immobility, a return to rigidity. The volatile Greeks, ever eager to hear new things, were on the eve of Byzantine fixation, and it seems most probable that the young who vibrate to the irresponsible sensationalism of the tabloids, changing opinion so rapidly that they may be said to have no opinion at all, or to be unaware of change, will before they are old seek the placidity of a few facts and fewer ideas often repeated.

Whatever may happen in the future, the present is certainly uncomfortable. Public opinion rules us, and public opinion has become the rapid and quickly changing judgment of the many, who can be made to adapt and readapt by proper stimulus, precisely as certain low organisms can be made to alter by pinching salt into their bowl of water.

It looks as if the General Intelligent Reader, who has had such a good time lately with the new fiction and the new poetry and the new drama, will have to leave for a while the field of art in which he

(*Continued on next page*)

Landscape with Figures, 1850

By SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

THIS was a time unvexed by too much haste,
When the heart's dear complacencies and pains
Found solace and delight in Autumn lanes,
And the world's wonder was not yet laid waste
By that despairing creed that darkens our day,
That last unwisdom that at last we are wise
And have found out the imposture of the skies
And mocked the soul back into its writhing clay.
No matter. It was but some days ago
When for my love and me, earth as of old
Made a green bed and drenched the air with gold,
And to our leaping pulse opposed her slow
Untired antiphony. And she will sing
Some few days hence to quicken our blood with Spring.

This Week

"My Early Life." By William II. Reviewed by *Arthur W. Page.*

"Religion in the Making." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

"The Golden Day." Reviewed by *Lloyd Morris.*

"Concerning Women." Reviewed by *Albert Jay Nock.*

Qwertyuiop.

"Whitman, an Interpretation." Reviewed by *Hervey Allen.*

Mulatto. By *Langston Hughes.*

Next Week, or Later

"British Documents on the Origins of the War." An Analysis; General Introduction, by *James T. Shotwell;* England, by *Bernadotte Schmitt;* Austria-Hungary, by *Charles Seymour;* Russia, by *Michael Florinsky;* Germany, by *Sidney Fay;* France, by *Parker T. Moon.*

Another Man's Poison

By MONTGOMERY BELGION

SOMETIMES an American book, after being a howling cisatlantic success, proves upon publication in London an utter flop. This leads Mr. Mencken from time to time—and perhaps that is why he has been made an honorary member of the International Association of Fire Chiefs—to seek to bring about an international conflagration. English reviewers, he will on such occasions boom in Jovian fury, are a bunch of supercilious bums. Let a good thing be American, and that will be enough for them to refuse to recognize its goodness when they see it. Vainly does Mr. Walpole's clarion trump or Mr. Swinnerton's plaintive oboe attempt a counter-theme to the Menckenian bass tuba's. Mr. Mencken has the lungs if not the paunch of Dr. Johnson. The facts cannot be gainsaid, he roars through the tuba, *allegretto e ben marcato*: if Mr. Walpole can cite the titles of American best-sellers which have been in turn as successful in England, then he as easily can name other American works of even greater merit that have been ignored there. For example, "Babbitt," it is true, was acclaimed, but "Main Street" passed unseen.

The facts indeed cannot be gainsaid. Where Mr. Mencken errs is in his diagnosis of the cause. He forgets that if, as he avers, English reviewers really do hold American literature generally in contempt, they will scruple to be as indulgent as possible to individual specimens. A true sense of superiority, he should know well, makes one feel that one should be civil to one's inferiors as a slight compensation for their manifest inferiority. English reviewers then, if truly they felt as Mr. Mencken would have one believe they do, would treat American books with the same punctilious politeness that English peers adopt towards English labor leaders. Thus Mr. Mencken's theory contradicts itself, and some other explanation must be sought.

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Such an explanation must at least fit the fact, admitted grudgingly by Mr. Mencken, that at the same time as some American successes are English failures, other American successes are also English successes. It must likewise harmonize with a further observable phenomenon, viz., that occasionally an English book or play well received in England is ignored when it appears in New York. An explanation fulfilling these requirements lies, I submit, in a great verity discovered long before Mr. Mencken, Mr. Walpole, or Mr. Swinnerton alighted on the planet, and formulated in the adage: One man's meat is another man's poison.

Particularly is an American's meat often an Englishman's poison. Take, for instance, the fate accorded on this and that side of the Atlantic to a recent addition to the Today and Tomorrow Series, a volume devoted to making fun of the United States.* In England this little work has had most appreciative reviews; in this country, however, it seems to have attracted little attention. Does this imply a deep-seated conspiracy among American critics against the English literary product? Mr. Mencken would be the first to laugh at the idea. Not so, indeed. This difference in treatment in-

*PLATO'S AMERICAN REPUBLIC. Done out of the original by Douglas Woodruff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1926. $1.

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stead reflects something perfectly natural. There is nothing very new about the content of Mr. Woodruff's book. As the London *Times Literary Supplement* put it: "Readers will probably enjoy his manner more than his matter." His objects of derision, in brief, are all the old properties: American husbands, the worship of the god Progress, the parking of motor-cars, the magic of large numbers ("I believe myself the American men do not mind dying since it means joining the great majority"), the love of advertising, the mania for speed, the immigration quotas, Prohibition, the "Detroit oracle," card-indexes, and, of course, Rotary. But, if his material is rather worn, he parodies Plato, on the other hand, very amusingly indeed. Now, the English reader, it may be laid down axiomatically, does not mind what a book is about; what matters to him is the way it is done. Hence, in the little volume under consideration, what he fastens on is, not the mocking of Americans, but the mocking of Plato. With the American reader, however, the opposite is the case: style is at most the producer of an unconscious pleasure for him; what he cares for is the food, not the cooking. Now, Mr. Woodruff certainly indulges in some sly digs. That is enough for the average 100 per cent, red-blooded he-man. He will not worry about Plato's misadventure; his own will suffice to make him cast the book aside.

Contrast such hard treatment with that accorded to a recent American book when it appeared in England. I refer to "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." This has been ever since its appearance there a favorite topic at innumerable London dinner-tables —the best form of all book-advertising. Supposing it had been an English book, would it have had a similar success here? I take leave to doubt it. Lorelei, you remember, met some decayed English ladies in London. One wanted to sell some sea shells to her. Then she met the first lady's niece. "Don't let my aunt stick you," said this second lady, tactfully adapting her expressions to her auditor; "her sea shells always come apart. Now I have some nice dogs you might like." "Do the dogs come apart, too?" asked Lorelei. Did that incident pain English readers? On the contrary, it convulsed them with laughter. But suppose, I say, an English book were to appear in New York in which the hero, for instance, was a handsome young English marquis who was persecuted in America by obese dowagers, frantically eager to have him, first for their dinner-tables, and then for their daughters. Would New York—would Chicago, Kansas City, Denver, have been convulsed with laughter as London was convulsed at the story of the English ladies who, having fallen on evil days, were trying to turn a dishonest penny? Would they?

It is largely as the result of a like dissimilarity of tastes that, while both "Main Street" and "Babbitt"—which Mr. Mencken expressly named in a controversy some months ago—were best-sellers here, "Babbitt" alone succeeded in England. One reason, of course, why "Babbitt" did better over there than "Main Street" is that "Babbitt" is the better book. If Mr. Mencken will not deem it unkind, one may recall that, whatever he says now, when "Main Street" came out, he wrote that "Winesburg, Ohio" was its superior, whereas on the appearance of "Babbitt" he declared that it was one of the finest American novels ever penned. But artistic merits contribute only in a minor degree to the success of a novel. Again, it is true that "Babbitt" was advertised in England far more lavishly than "Main Street" had been, and further the English edition of "Babbitt" carried a "glossary" of American "terms" which proved extraordinarily amusing to English readers. Yet neither advertising nor a glossary will make a novel go: the cardinal factor is the book's relation to its audience's tastes.

Let me amplify. What was the secret of "Main Street's" appeal at home? It was that it flattered the superior feeling of a large section of the reading population; all those men and women, that is, who had got out of small towns and settled in the cities. And what was the secret of "Babbitt's" appeal? That it also flattered the superior feelings; every reader imagined that not he but his neighbor was a Babbitt. But in England the situation was very different. While there are no small towns there comparable with American small towns, it is nevertheless true that life in Gopher Prairie would not seem to an English reader far removed from life in some dingier London suburb. But whereas in America great numbers of people desert the small towns and in the cities grow into quite other beings, the inhabitant of, say, the London suburb of Brixton remains in Brixton, or merely goes to Streatham Hill, which is just the same thing. In short, there is not in England that rapid movement of great chunks of the population from one class to another which is always going on in America. Hence "Main Street" could flatter no one in England. "Babbitt," on the other hand, was just as flattering to any Englishman or Englishwoman as to those Americans who most enjoyed it. For the Englishman or the Englishwoman, George F. was just an American, and he or she thanked God devoutly that he or she had been born English.

Or take a couple of more recent examples. Two big American successes locally have been John Erskine's "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"—since admirably followed up by his "Galahad"—and George A. Dorsey's "Why We Behave Like Human Beings." In England "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" has been relatively as popular as in America, but "Why We Behave Like Human Beings" has passed unnoticed or has been reviewed like this (I quote *in extenso* the *Manchester Guardian*):

> We must be excused a quotation from Messrs. Harper Brothers: "On the treacherous problems of love, fear, hate, nerves, glands, thought, civilization, evolution, progress, marriage, race, bacteria, heredity, psycho-pathology, death, and disease, this book sheds a revealing light. To the questions who is man, why is man, and what is man, it gives as complete an answer as is today possible." In four hundred and eighty-four pages and all for 12s. 6d. Great is America and worthy to be praised. Probably we shall have done our duty by this unique volume when we record that it is full of pep and has a punch in it. It is readable to an amazing degree. Not one of these treacherous problems but is attacked and resolved in language and argument which makes no more demand on the reader than does an easy chair. It is a colossus of snippets, each entirely adequate to the occasion, entirely satisfying to the questioner who questions but never argues. And withal it is written in so breezy an American that the shyest inquirer will not feel sensitive and the least educated will feel at home. Here is knowledge for all with a vengeance. At the four hundred and eighty-fourth page the meaning of the universe has been finally explored, and the eternal purpose lies exposed. Ho, everyone that thirsteth. . . .

Now, although Messrs. Harper in London quoted this review in full in their advertisements, it is not really a eulogistic review. One wonders, indeed, if Messrs. Harper in London have heard of irony, that form of utterance which postulates a double audience, "consisting of one party that hearing shall hear and shall not understand, and another party that, when more is meant than meets the ear, is aware both of that more and of the outsiders' incomprehension?" Because they, in this instance, are, I am afraid, the outsiders. For we are in the presence of more than the question of the merits of an individual book. It may be said that we are face to face with the difference between two national outlooks upon the field of knowledge. In other words, while in America "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" was no doubt read by many who wanted to find out about Helen, and "Why We Behave Like Human Beings" was read by many who really wanted to know why, in England "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" was read only by those who already knew all about her and wanted to see what liberties Mr. Erskine had taken, what fancies he had woven, and "Why We Behave Like Human Beings" was read by nobody at all, or by so few as to be negligible in comparison with its American audience.

The American and English attitudes to knowledge, in fact, may be said to differ in this way. In both countries it is held that knowledge should be accessible to all, but whereas in England it is also held that such knowledge is of value only if it is accurate, and that, to be accurate, it must be acquired by diligent effort, it seems to be held in America—but I let Mr. Woodruff speak: "In nothing are the Americans," declares his Socrates, "more hurried than in the pursuit of wisdom and truth. Most of them do not join in the pursuit at all, saying that they have no time to spare from the pursuit of wealth, but some will give twenty minutes in a week." Again: "The Americans think it finer to give a smattering of information to everybody than to give education to a few." And yet further: "The student hurries from course to course and becomes acquainted with the preliminaries of many studies, but is advanced in none." Finally: "The women think they know something when in fact they know nothing, but the men are not even aware that there is anything to know."

Granted that these dicta have an element of the grotesque, there is nevertheless, it will be admitted, a grain of truth in them. Only in America, among all countries that have ever known the blessings of civilization, has culture been "sold" to the whole public, with the result that the culture-hounds are really the sold. Only in America will one hear a man say that he ought to know "Why We Behave Like Human Beings" or that he wants to know "The Story of Philosophy," but that he "has *never had the time* to get around to it." In America there is, in fact, a strong desire for knowledge among those who lack the apparatus with which to gain accurate knowledge. But in England the same sort of people are—perhaps wisely—incurious; they are satisfied with gardening or watching football, backing horses, or reading novels which they do not buy, but borrow from a circulating library. It is on this account that while in America such works as "Why We Behave Like Human Beings" are reviewed favorably and seriously by reviewers who bear in mind that "all men are created equal," in England such works tend to get ironical receptions from reviewers who are irremediably convinced that men are far from being all equal and that they themselves, in particular, are much superior to their fellows.

An English writer suggested the other day that one reason why so many of his countrymen never read and yet at the same time find that their literature means so much to them is that the English, whom the French call hypocritical, "have really the gift of genuineness in rather a peculiar degree." That smacks a little of the English public-school Pharisee, but it is worth ruminating.

With that enough, surely, has been said to dispose of the theory that English reviewers are hostile on principle to individual American books and to establish instead the fact of the diversity of national tastes in America and England, a diversity which alone is responsible for the variety of receptions accorded to books in the two countries. One may add, though, that, far from wishing to belittle American literature, English critics are going out of their way to praise the American product. In reviewing "An American Tragedy," for instance, Mr. Edwin Muir, the author of "Transitions," wrote recently that it has a style "full of character," a style that "says pretty much what the author wishes it to say." And Mr. Arnold Bennett has declared that the two most important novels he read during 1926 were "An American Tragedy" and Melville's "Pierre." "And note," he added, "that both are American," concealing amid his pro-American enthusiasm that "Pierre" was not a product of 1926 but of the eighteen-fifties. Could one be kinder?

Whirligig Minds

(*Continued from preceding page*)

was beginning to get some very interesting ideas (not all favorable to novelty) and take up history, science, sociology, and most of all philosophy. If we are to have a howl every month or so about the tyrannical actions of Mexico, some of us will have to read upon Mexico in a source more reliable than political manifesto or inspired journalism. (In *belles lettres* one might suggest D. H. Lawrence's "The Plumd Serpent," which is illuminating if not precisely history.) If the general unintelligent reader is going to form his opinions of science from the headlines, some less readily adaptive persons must try to discover what really is known about Bible criticism, psychoanalysis, animal descent, and the function of scientific thought. If Europe, in spite of the Senate's belief that nothing east of the Prohibition line concerns us, persists in asserting that we have eaten the cake and are asking for more, why intelligent readers must know more about economics and the philosophy of history than politicians and most editors dare to display.

In short, the double-jointed adaptability of the American populace is such a menace to anything like clear thinking or determined action that some of us must stop adapting long enough to discover what we really know and think. Otherwise we can expect no more stability in public opinion than in a girls' school or a herd of sheep.

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A Royal Autobiographer

MY EARLY LIFE. By WILLIAM II, Ex-Emperor of Germany. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. PAGE

THE ex-Kaiser has written a dull book under the title "My Early Life." In extenuation it must be remembered that the book has been translated and may have suffered thereby, that the author is nearing seventy and has suffered many rude shocks. But even with these extenuating circumstances considered, this book confirms the impression created by its predecessors that William II is a dull writer.

In the days of his power the Kaiser was described by many visitors as a brilliant conversationalist on a wide range of subjects. It may be that he was. Or it may be that rank lent brilliance to the commonplace. People seldom write in a normal vein about ruling princes or presidents while they are in office.

If the Kaiser ever had a brilliant or well furnished mind there is no trace of it in this book. It shows a commonplace mentality imbued with a literal and fundamentalist belief in Hohenzollern and Prussian doctrine, a mentality governed by authority rather than its own thinking processes. Had there been any tendency towards independence or playfulness in his thought his education was designed to wither it. At the tender age of seven he was given into the hands of a Prussian Puritan named Hinzpeter.

His educational system was based exclusively on a stern sense of duty and the idea of service; the character was to be fortified by perpetual "renunciation," the life of the prince to be molded on lines of "old Prussian simplicity"—the ideal being the harsh discipline of the Spartans. . . .

Views on such a system will vary. To me it seems that an education from which all joy is excluded is psychologically false. Joyless as the personality of this dry, pedantic man, with his gaunt, meagre figure and parchment face, grown up in the shadows of Calvinism, was his educational system; joyless the youth through which I was guided by the "hard hand" of the "Spartan idealist."

Under Hinspeter work started at 6 a. m. in summer, 7 a. m. in winter, and went on to 6 or 7 at night, with but two breaks, devoted to meals and physical exercise. The strain on a boy of seven was pretty severe.

* * *

Hinzpeter and his system followed the prince even when he went away to school at Cassel. There he writes:

In summer I used to get up at 5 and by 6 I was already at work on preparation; from 8 to 12 I was in school. The time from 12 to 2 was taken up by a walk, fencing, or bathing. Then came two hours of school followed by a private lesson with Hinspeter. From 5 to 6 was the dinner hour; followed by at least two hours' work, after which private tuition often went on till 9 or later. . . . It is a good thing that boys of the present day do not have such a hard time, for our life was often a perfect torment.

From that torment he got one relief. Whenever his life or his studies touched the army he got that joy which was denied him in every other direction. When he was six and a half, even before Hinspeter got hold of him, he had a military governor, for, as he records, "There was no use . . . in blinking the fact that the future king of Prussia must learn the craft of arms in childhood if he was to understand and appreciate the basis of his kingdom." So it was that a captain of artillery made "the business of learning the divisions of the army, its uniforms and weapons, pleasant for his pupil," a baby of six and a half.

From that time on his real enthusiasm was for the army. He testifies from time to time in his book that he got the proper impressions from the Art Museums he visited and the operas he listened to, that he still retains the gratitude he should have for the teaching he received from every one from Hinspeter down, but one can't help feeling that these remarks are the result of that stern sense of duty which was drilled into him. Yet all the way through the book there is unmistakable evidence of his real enthusiasm for soldiering. He mastered the minutiæ of drill and equipment with avidity. He gloried in the routine of the army. His glee over uniforms is a little childish but his record would lead one to think that he knew the business of soldiering up to the command of a regiment or a brigade. His autobiography is that of a commonplace, conscientious colonel miscast in the rôle of an emperor.

When he was eighteen William II was given the Order of the Garter and the Order of the Black Eagle. After these ceremonies were over he records:

My longing from my earliest years was now satisfied; I could at last devote myself to the military life and the great Prussian idea.

For the next one hundred and ninety pages, after this sentence, drills, reviews, manœuvers follow each other in quick succession and the imperial soldier rises rank after rank with a new uniform at each rise, and many splendid ones added to the collection as he became honorary colonel of British, Russian, and Austrian regiments. It is all rather dull and the uniform part almost pathetic. Yet with half a chance William II with his enthusiasm for soldiering and his sense of duty might well have made a good line officer in the Germany army, perhaps have received a red eagle of the second class, and have lived a happy and contented life.

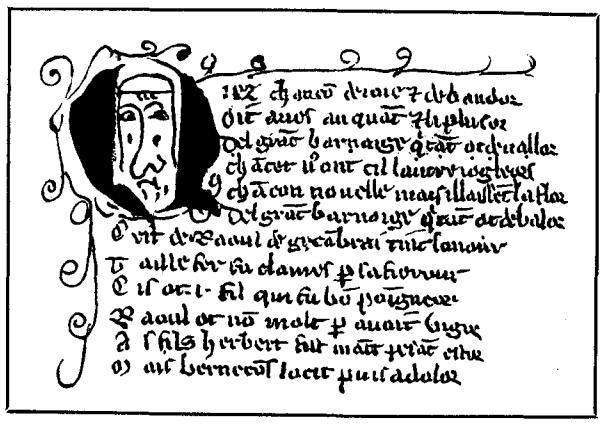
The autobiographical account of the early years of such a mentality is not interesting. There is no reason why many people should read it when there are so many good books available. However, for those who are studying the results of having such a character emperor of Germany it will serve a purpose, although probably not the one contemplated by the author.

Religious Metaphysics

RELIGION IN THE MAKING. By ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THIS collection of the Lowell Lectures of 1926 is in the nature of a sequel—if one may speak of sequels in the august realm of philosophy—to the Lowell Lectures of 1925 published under the title "Science and the Modern World,"—that is, it develops much more fully the religious metaphysics adumbrated in the former work. Like its predecessor, the present volume is



Opening lines of the MS of "Raoul de Cambrai." From the translation by Jessie Crosland (Oxford University Press).

of dual character, historical and doctrinal, the one part extraordinarily simple, the other extraordinarily difficult.

Few educated men today would object to the proposition that religion like other terrestrial accomplishments is subject to time and change, and so is and always will be "in the making." And few anthropologists, at any rate, would object to Professor Whitehead's assertion that religion originates in ritual. Ritual, defined as "the habitual performance of definite actions which have no direct relevance to the preservation of the physical organisms of the actors," a product of superfluous energy and leisure, is found among the lower animals as well as among men. Adopted originally by instinct, it is deliberately preserved, when self-consciousness appears, for the sake of the emotions to which it gives rise; then later on mythologies are invented to account for it, and still later these mythologies are rationalized into theology and we have the beginnings of modern religion. But although thus social in its origins, religion in its higher forms, Professor Whitehead insists—in opposition to much current thought—is individualistic in character.

All collective emotions leave untouched the awful ultimate fact, which is the human being, consciously alone with itself, for its own sake. Religion is what the individual does with his own solitariness. . . . Collective enthusiasms, revivals, institutions, churches, rituals, bibles, codes of behavior, are the trappings of religion, its passing forms.

This truth, which never needed restatement more than today, Professor Whitehead enforces by tracing with some care the breakdown of tribal religion and the progressive increase of individualism with its concomitant world-feeling. The individual seeking some meaning for his life cannot find it save in relation to the world universe. Religion thus becomes world loyalty. Only in this, its highest form, is religion worthy of unmixed admiration; elsewhere it is largely evil.

History, down to the present day, is a melancholy record of the horrors which can attend religion: human sacrifice, and in particular the slaughter of children, cannibalism, sensual orgies, abject superstition, hatred as between races, the maintenance of degrading customs, hysteria, bigotry, can all be laid at its charge. Religion is the last refuge of human savagery.

And Professor Whitehead does not neglect to point out that humanity is always in danger of reverting from the higher to the lower stage, in religion as in everything else.

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All this is admirably clear and cogent. It is when Professor Whitehead proceeds further with the discussion of higher religion and its central problem, the meaning of God, that perplexities begin to arise. He first outlines three divergent conceptions of God: the Eastern Asiatic (Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism)—God an impersonal order within the world; the Semitic—God a personal entity, creator of the world; the Pantheistic—God the ultimate reality of which the world is a mere appearance. But he does not make it clear just how far his own conception corresponds to any of the three; while it seems in most respects to approximate the first, and while he severely criticizes the second as an attempt to pass beyond experience, his own deity is endowed with purpose and omniscience, qualities which make him decidedly more than an impersonal order.

Ever since Descartes, philosophers have been busy taking the universe apart and putting it together again. They have been rather more conspicuously successful in the former part of their undertaking than in the latter, and Professor Whitehead does not entirely escape the difficulties of his predecessors. In his metaphysical description of the world, he is frankly pluralistic. Far too modern to make any use of the concept of substance, he even scorns the relatively abstract notions of mind and matter, finding the ultimate units of actuality in sheer events, "epochal occasions" which he defines as acts of perceptivity always involving a feeling of self-value. Instead of an act implying an agent, he considers the agent to be only an abstraction of the elements common to successive acts. But an act of perceptivity with no one to do the perceiving and nothing to be perceived is difficult to understand; hence further elements are needed to account for the temporal world.

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There are three of these further elements: the ideal forms or patterns (similar to Platonic ideas), not actual in themselves but present in all actual entities, giving them definite character; the element of creativity, enabling an entity to change from one form to another and thus introduce novelty into the world; and finally God who introduces and maintains order among the other elements. The resultant religious conception is a kind of cross between Buddhism and Christianity: its metaphysics of the temporal world is Buddhistic, its idea of God is Christian. But a perfect Christian God in an evil Buddhistic world seems an anomaly. Professor Whitehead apparently rejects the Buddhistic notion that evil is inherent in the initial self-valuation and equally rejects the Christian notion that it is a mere negation; he insists that it is a positive unmaking of the order which God makes, but he leaves its presence unexplained. It almost seems as if to the epochal occasions, the creativity, the eternal forms, and God, the Devil needed to be added to make Professor Whitehead's universe entirely satisfactory.

These are difficulties with the work; they are not necessarily more than that. Professor Whitehead's exposition is so concise that it resembles an outline, which the reviewer may have filled in erroneously. "Religion in the Making" leaves one with the wish that the author would write another book twice as large and twice as detailed on the same topic—and there are few philosophical works to which this compliment is likely to be paid. The book is timely as a protest against the emotional interpretation of religion which William James unintentionally made popular. The real question is not whether religion is pleasant or profitable but whether it is true. Professor Whitehead lifts the subject to the only level on which it can seriously be discussed—the intellectual level.

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American Civilization

THE GOLDEN DAY. By LEWIS MUMFORD. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by LLOYD MORRIS

IT is a pleasure to testify to the significance and distinction of Mr. Mumford's book. "The Golden Day" is a notable contribution to that body of criticism which aims to interpret American civilization and culture as expressions of experience. Treating our imaginative literature and our philosophy as a key to our culture, Mr. Mumford has composed a history of the American mind that is likewise an account of the principal experiences by which that mind has been nourished. It is an admirable piece of exposition, skilfully organized and lucidly presented. And, above all, it is incessantly provocative; occasional vigorous dissent from Mr. Mumford's opinions is an evidence of their original vitality.

The task which Mr. Mumford undertakes in "The Golden Day" has been implied for over a decade by our more thoughtful writers of fiction, but neglected by all of our critics with the solitary, able exception of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks. For it is our novelists, chiefly, who have discovered that life in contemporary America is subordinated to mechanism and completely absorbed by instrumental activities, that for lack of any relevant object the mechanism and activities have become ultimate ends. This perception, communicated in our recent fiction as protest or indictment, supplies both the origin and the conclusion of Mr. Mumford's study of the development of American culture.

It is to the collapse of the mediæval synthesis, and the subsequent disposition of men's interests to become increasingly external and abstract, that Mr. Mumford traces the roots of the American mind. Protestantism, commercial expansion, and science were the agencies of disintegration in Europe, liberating influences at first, for they freed the mind from bondage to a set of symbols which had become irrelevant to experience. But they had the effect of turning the mind away from life and toward mechanism, an effect finally made secure by the industrial revolution, the new theories of political rights, and the development of utilitarianism. The Romantic movement, regarding Nature not as a source of culture but as a substitute for it, completed the process by producing the pioneer, who discarded the available remnants of culture, lapsed into barbarism, failed to produce a culture of his own, and ultimately, by deserting the idea of nature for the idea of progress, prepared the way for the inventor-industrialist's cult of power and the inauguration of a dehumanized, mechanistic civilization.

The period from 1830 to 1860, the period of New England's intellectual ascendency, is Mr. Mumford's "golden day."

An imaginative New World came to birth during this period, a new hemisphere in the geography of the mind. That world was the climax of American experience. What preceded led up to it: what followed dwindled away from it; and we who think and write today are either continuing their first exploration, or we are disheartened, and relapse into some stale formula, or console ourselves with empty gestures of frivolity.

Specifically, Mr. Mumford regards Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, and, in lesser degree, Hawthorne, and Melville, as the formulators of the only authentic indigenous culture produced by America. It was the distinctive genius of each of these men to reinterpret institutions, habits, and doctrines in terms of their actual significance in experience. The experience happened to be altogether novel, and the consequence was a set of values, a series of ideal objects, representative of the national life and directly applicable to it. With this much of Mr. Mumford's contention no intelligent reader is likely to disagree, though vigorous disagreement with the detail of his exposition is often possible. One finds him neglecting the criticism of Emerson's doctrines which Hawthorne embodied in his romances; one finds him accepting Whitman's rhetorical enthusiasm as the equivalent of a coherent philosophy; but to point this out is by no means to invalidate his argument.

The Civil War brought the "golden day" to an end; when the war passed the belief in idealism had disappeared; there was no longer a desire to recast actual experience in new forms and symbols, and what took its place was merely an acceptance, under various disguises, of the chaotic stream of existence. Mr. Mumford traces the course of this acceptance in its principal exponents; Howells, Bierce, Mark Twain, William James. He studies the succeeding development, the effort to transplant the culture of the past, as it is exhibited by Henry Adams, Henry James, George Santayana, by collectors of bibelots like Mrs. Gardner. And finally he studies the culture of our contemporary mechanistic industrialism; the novels of Theodore Dreiser, and the instrumental theory of John Dewey. Like many of his contemporaries, Mr. Mumford perceives very clearly its essential deficiency, its neglect or incapacity to imagine a concept of the humane life toward the fulfilment of which our practical activities may be directed. "We are living," he remarks, "on fragments of the old cultures, or on abortions of the new, because the energies that should have gone into the imaginative life are balked at the source by the pervasive instrumentalism of the environment." It is, obviously, a new definition of the humane life capable of enlisting our allegiance that we require as the basis of a new culture. Mr. Mumford does not seek to formulate that definition; he is content with a statement of its insistent necessity in our national life.

The Woman Question

CONCERNING WOMEN. By SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALBERT JAY NOCK

AS far as I am any judge, this book contains everything that is worth knowing about woman's place in society, and nothing that is not worth knowing. As a thorough-going lover of the ideal of human freedom, I have regularly read the literature of woman's campaign for emancipation, and I have just as regularly been put off it by defects that this book is free from. No other writer that I have read, from Mary Wollstonecraft and Mill down to Ellen Key, has any but the most incomplete and dissatisfying idea of what women's freedom really means, what its essential implications are, or how it is actually conditioned. Miss La Follette is the first to show a competent knowledge of these matters. Her principal thesis, in her own words, is that "it is impossible for a sex or class to have economic freedom until everybody has it, and until economic freedom is attained for everybody, there can be no real freedom for anybody. Without economic freedom, efforts after political and social freedom are nugatory and illusive, except for what educational value they may have for those concerned with them."

This is something like. Miss La Follette wastes no words to prove what we all know, that to make women only as free as men are is nothing worth sweating blood for. A woman with a vote, for instance, is as far from the ideal of freedom—even political freedom—as men are, and that means about as far as she was before. Indeed, it is rather noteworthy that American women did not get the vote until men generally came to feel that as far as freedom is concerned, it was little worth having. Miss La Follette shows that if men and women alike once get economic freedom, there is no way to stop their taking whatever measure of political and social freedom they want. Nor does she use the term economic freedom in a loose demagogic sense. She is well trained in fundamental economics, and therefore knows exactly what economic freedom means, and she invariably speaks of it with scientific strictness. She is the first writer to discern the relation of fundamental economics to the status of women, and to trace that relation through all the secondary so-called "problems of sex." It is this that primarily sets her apart from all others in her field. When she gets through with her thesis, there is simply nothing to say. I cannot think of an objection or criticism that she has not anticipated, nor can I find in her reasoning a single trace of weakness, confusion, or obscurity. As a piece of logic, the book is faultless, if I am a competent witness—at least, I may say that any one who can find a break in it has better eyes than mine. My impression is that whoever rejects Miss La Follette's conclusions can do so only by the rather ignoble means employed by Alcibiades when he stopped his ears and ran away from hearing Socrates talk.

So much for the book's main thesis. Its main purpose is to invite the women of the United States "thoughtfully to take stock of what they have really got" by their efforts after freedom "to consider whether it is all they want, and to settle with themselves whether their collective experience on the way up from the status of a subject sex does not point them to a higher ideal of freedom than any they have hitherto entertained."

Here again comparisons are inevitable. Is it not a novel experience for women to be addressed in this tone, especially by a woman, and a very young and ardent woman? I think it is rather more than novel. I suspect it is unique. Miss La Follette maintains this tone throughout her work without once lapsing into a proprietary or pontifical accent. She writes with dignity and restraint, always scholarly, never dull, pedantic, or patronizing, always forceful, never bumptious. Her sense of justice never deludes her into hardness, fanaticism, hysteria. Above all, she has left the agitating and offensive cant of sentimentalism miles out of sight behind her. This combination of qualities has never before appeared in this field, to my knowledge, and it gives Miss La Follette's book a second distinction equivalent to the first.

The book has also a third characteristic which impresses me greatly, though perhaps I cannot hope to carry many along with me in my appreciation of it. I have the utmost delight in a modern writer who shows true respect for the excellence, opulence, and dignity of the English tongue. Many of my younger contemporaries seem to have a good deal to say, and one regrets that they do not exercise more care and better taste about the way they say it. Miss La Follette's manner is truly classical; not the Attic manner—it is too rapid for that—but nevertheless classical. I think I do not exaggerate when I call it a great manner, for what she has done is to inform her writing so sincerely and powerfully with her own personality, within the bounds of a strictly classical style, that it becomes individual; and this gives her work the genuine distinction which many nowadays seek to counterfeit by the aid of smartness and eccentricity. Miss La Follette has a fine instinct for the right word. When she does not find it lying on the top of her mind, she does not lazily use its second cousin, but hunts around until she finds it. She has also a seventeenth-century instinct for order and balance, harmony and cadence, in the structure of a sentence; she writes to gratify the ear as well as to enlighten the eye. It is an excellent exercise and rather good fun to take a writer's sentences and paragraphs to pieces and rebuild them to see if one can do them as handsomely, or more so. I play this game now and then with various writers, and do my fair share of winning, but I have not yet managed to win once in my little gambles with Miss La Follette's book.

In sum, then, Miss La Follette presents an entirely new and complete view of a great subject, draws it out with a great power of logic, and, as I think, in a great style; and her mode of address to her readers is consistently elevated, dignified, urbane, moving. This much may be regarded as enough, I believe, to make a valuable book. Considering the cartloads of rubbish that have been dumped from the press around this subject, it is no doubt a good deal to ask American women to take up with another treatise on "the woman question." I speak frankly and with all sympathy, as a fellow-sufferer who himself goes at such books with very long teeth. But speaking quite as frankly, if I ever found out that I had "thrown out the baby with the bath," as the Germans say, and let Miss La Follette's book go by, I should always feel that prejudice had made me incur a serious and disabling loss.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Leviathan

WHALING NORTH AND SOUTH. By F. V. Morley and J. S. Hodgson. New York: The Century Company. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by Schuyler Ashley

TODAY, though men may not yet "draw out Leviathan with an hook," they capture him in abrupt and almost disdainful fashion. From the bows of steam-driven "whale-chasers" they destroy him with explosive harpoons of one hundred pounds weight; jam, with a long lance, a compressed air-line into his vast side and blow him up; then, tail foremost, tow him into a factory ship, ignominiously, with shorn flukes and white swollen belly staring to the sky. A spirited account of this bustling industry is to be found in F. V. Morley and J. S. Hodgson's book. These authors are as candid as they are informative; there is little enough in their careful, unembellished pages to substantiate the suggestion on the jacket that modern whaling is a "high-hearted and romantic pursuit."

Morley, an Oxford Rhodes scholar saturated in the tradition come down from Octher through Moby Dick, observed the business in northern latitudes where it is a waning enterprise. He brings to his consideration of the fleet and station of a Shetland Island whaling company an easy familiarity with the legends that soar above Leviathan like his own spout, with science which has curtailed but also confirmed his greatness, and with the standardized ruthlessness of modern whaling, inevitably saddening to a romantic. He can even find place for a tentative and ingenious prognosis of "the next phase,"—capturing the whale alive, starting whale-farms, and breeding him. It is a fantastic but welcome digression. One turns again to it gladly after finishing the book, a little weary of wholesale slaughter with extermination implicit in the formula of whale-guns, cutting-machines, and steam. Morley's one hundred and twenty pages of palatable and highly concentrated information are well spiced pemmican of blubber and whale-meat.

J. S. Hodgson, an expert moving-picture photographer without undue respect for the amenities of mere writing, is an observer of another stamp. His was the opportunity to observe the real high-seas fleet of the whaling industry; factory ships and catchers that steam from Norway ten thousand miles down into the Antarctic, manned by crews of absolutely matchless deep-water men.

These whalemen liked Hodgson, as was most natural. He was a craftsman, new-fangled, but in the true succession. While they fashioned "knebels" or spliced manilla hawsers, he tinkered with his high-speed shutters or polished his Pathé moving-picture camera. Hodgson used to brace his tripod against the gun platform in the very eyes of the whale-chaser and, when green seas were breaking over, and a big fin-whale coming under the gun, he would ply his trade while Bernsten or Skontorp at the gun above plied his. In the present volume truly magnificent illustrations—a huge blue whale caught just as the harpoon with forerunner still taut strikes him; or the Southern Maid coming in with eight whales alongside—prove the efficiency of both artificers.

* * *

Everything is here in "Whaling North and South" save poetry. And even that may some day be discerned again in the life of the men who hunt whales. But it must come from the inside, from an artist who is in a whaler to run a winch, do a trick at the wheel, and stand the cold, interminable watches in the barrel. Young Oxford men aboard for a few weeks' stunt will not do; no one knows that better than Mr. Morley whose honest unwillingness to be considered anything but the most casual of observers—("You just go out with some Norwegians and watch them shoot," he explains)—is charming in a book where he had such chance for heroic posing. Nor is Hodgson the man to see Moby Dick again; he is far too much the absorbed specialist.

Perhaps somewhere in a country school in Norway a hulking, big-shouldered young schoolmaster with Ibsen and Knut Hamsun in his veins is even now fretting out his days. Some morning in a fit of gloomy impatience he will sign on with the Southern Whaling Fleet. Scowling, white-faced, full of what Melville with intimate familiarity used to call the "hypos," he will watch the shores of his native fiord drift past. What will follow may be safely committed to the knees of the gods.

Qwertyuiop

II

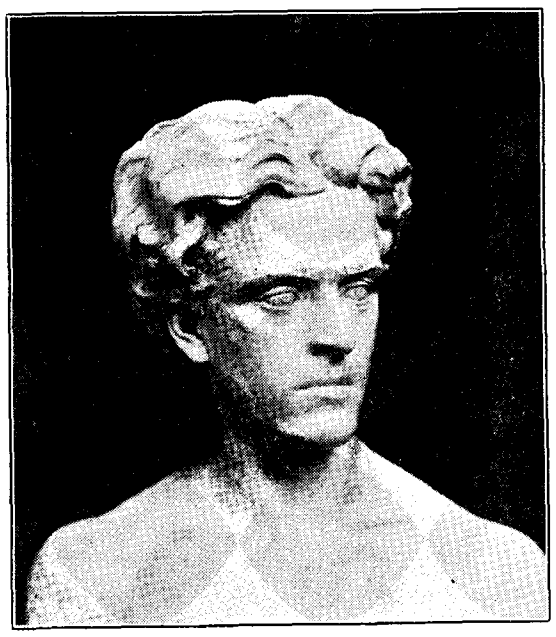
(*Continued*)

I HAVE spoken of Owen Johnson in connection with the Authors' League of American that took its first toddling steps in 1912. This able writer, the son of Robert Underwood Johnson, then editing the *Century Magazine*, had stirred things up considerably by standing literary father to "Stover at Yale" in 1911. Early the next year Dr. Henry Van Dyke announced himself as feeling the seriousness of the problem into which Mr. Johnson had probed. The book involved a discussion of the Senior Societies at Yale. Of course, Dr. Van Dyke was a Princeton man; nevertheless, Mr. Johnson, in a book that did not for a moment equal his "The Varmint" or "The Tennessee Shad" had attacked forcefully and with spirit certain sacrosanct collegiate institutions. So much so that the Senior students in New Haven retorted by attacking Stover as coming "from the narrow-minded type of man who has not been a leader." This was, you might say, inevitable. Mr. Johnson simply sat tight and his book sold widely. It developed a fair enough thesis. The author rebelled at the button-moulding of college life and ranged himself on the side of the independents.

Another Yale man, Brian Hooker, had meanwhile written "Mona," an opera, for music by the late Horatio Parker. Native opera was then being encouraged, as now, by the Metropolitan Opera Company. "Mona" was awarded their competitive prize. And in 1915, I may parenthetically add, another opera by Hooker and Parker, "Fairyland," received the prize in the competition of the American Opera Association. In that same year Brian Hooker gathered together his lyrical poems. He had also tried his hand quite successfully at "period" stories in *Harper's*, stories reminding one somewhat of the earlier Hewlett, though not of the later Cabell. More recently this same writer's new translation of Rostand's "Cyrano" had received deserved praise. Today, we are of course awaiting Edna St. Vincent Millay's opera, "The King's Henchman," Deems Taylor having composed the music,—a renewed encouragement of purely American talent on the part of the Metropolitan.

As I recall it, Owen Johnson reviewed the book of "Mona" in *The Bookman* at the same time that Brian Hooker reviewed "Stover," both men having been coeval Elis. This fact, however, did not affect their critical attitude toward one another's work. And if I seem, in this comment, to favor the graduates of one particular college it is simply that I pick them as characteristic instances of the college-bred writer. I might add the name of Sinclair Lewis (who later went through the same educational mill) to emphasize the point that, however standardized our students may seem to be in their undergraduate environment, their paths are apt widely to diverge once their feet are set upon the roads of literature. No three writers, certainly, could be more temperamentally different than these three Yale men, Johnson, Hooker, and Lewis; nor could they express themselves more differently; just as, if one chooses more recent examples from Harvard (say John Dos Passos and Robert Hillyer) the same contrast is at once apparent. Independent thinking and expression is, of course, the life-blood of all good writing, while, in the process of formal education it is considerably discouraged by the young idea *en masse*. The pursuit of literature has not yet assumed the importance it might well be accorded in our institutions of learning, despite the energizing influence of certain teachers. So usually the man who writes at an American college figures more or less as an excrescence on the student body. He must find his own way thereafter; and, in most cases, the markets for modern writing in America being highly commercialized organizations, new work is led to conform to mere current stereotype. The artistic impulse ever has a fight on its hands; and, not infrequently, surrenders.

Of course the artistic impulse may take many strange forms. I recall a poet of the period I am treating who sought to revive in his verse the rather purple passions of the Nineties in England. Early in 1912 Richard Le Gallienne (a true knight of the Nineties) took up over three columns in the *Times Book Review* assailing, yet somewhat commending, the work of George Sylvester Viereck, the exotic literary manifestation whom I have in mind. He declared that Viereck was really more of a poet than he himself knew, despite his addiction to such words as "sonant," "priapic," "phallus," "incubus," "paramour," "involitient," and to his glamorous gallery of Lilith, Ashtoreth, Phryne, Nero, Messalina, and the Borgias. The earlier Swinburne and the works of Wilde were, obviously, somewhat responsible for Viereck. But later on he wrote a Bull Moose battle song! A better poet, John Gneisenau Neihardt, born in Illinois, educated in



Bust of John G. Neihardt done by his wife, a pupil of Rodin.

Nebraska, and then literary critic of the *Minneapolis Journal*, had meanwhile been advancing from the striking but uneven poems in his "A Bundle of Myrrh" and "Man-Song" of earlier years to the rhythms of "A Stranger at the Gate." His cycle of epics of the West, through which his reputation has since been greatly enhanced, were, however, yet to come. He had lived among the Omaha Indians to study their character and history and had produced some effective stories of the Indians which, like his collected poems, have recently been gathered together. Viereck represented, on the one hand, stale, effete derivations. Neihardt, on the other, despite his own purple passages, was a genuine singer from the West. I remember the late John Reed, the most striking young rebel of that time, a man with brilliant journalistic gifts and poetic, who left magazine work to espouse the cause of Labor and finally to die in the Russia that held for him a great vision, reading and applauding "Man-Song," by Neihardt. In the same house with Reed, on Washington Square, lived Alan Seeger, now famous for his death with the Foreign Legion in the Great War, and for his single poem (one out of many) "I Have a Rendezvous with Death." Reed, with his round boyish face, modern enthusiasm and burlesque and satiric humors was a striking foil to the strange dark boy who seemed to belong entirely to the Age of Chivalry. Both young men were of high courage in their respective fashions. Seeger was the eternal dreamer, Reed the active fighter. The latter had allied himself with Eastman and Dell on the *Masses*, but his restless curiosity and desire to be where things were happening took him to Mexico, to Germany as a correspondent before America entered the War, and thereafter wherever trouble was hottest. To read his "Sangar" today, a striking and virile pacifist poem which Harriet Monroe published in *Poetry*, to remember his brilliant light-verse fooling for the Dutch Treat Show, to recall his eager, generous, and belligerent spirit, is to reacquaint oneself with the fires of youth burning with a rare intensity.

A very different type (though quite as courageous), was Joyce Kilmer, who, with Seeger, was one of our first acclaimed poets of the Great War. Kilmer also sought adventure and battle. He was destined to die beguiled by the bright eyes of danger. But his temperament and philosophy led him to conversion to the Roman Catholic Church and to become a thoroughly convinced and militant churchman. He had passed through his younger, rather preciously æsthetic period when we find him writing for the *Times Book Review* in 1912. He had just contributed a paper on the Pseudo-Pagan which brought forth much comment in the *Book Review's* pages. Louis Untermeyer, whose first volume of poems, "First Love," had appeared only the year be-

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fore acclaimed it as "one of the finest things you have published recently." It "should make the Leonard Abbotts pause before making any new groups of literary Pagans—Greek, neo, or otherwise." But Mr. Untermeyer reminded Mr. Kilmer that when he spoke of the Sappho of the Bronx as Mary J. Burke it somewhat galled Mr. Untermeyer. He might as well have said, asserted Louis, Percy H. Shelley, John D. Keats, or William G. Blake. Julia A. Moore's most promising disciple, author of "School Room Echoes" (in 3 vols.), was *actually* Mary C. Burke.

Which somehow reminds me that in the early Fall of 1912 Norman Selby (better known as "Kid McCoy") returned to our shores from England. Through the misapprehension of Belgian detectives he had been incarcerated in Brixton Jail in London. There the famous pugilist had found time to write a ballad of Brixton Jail, though it may be said to have differed somewhat from the famous jail ballad by Oscar Wilde. At least,—it went as follows:

Kindness seeds are sown by deeds,
Cultured by love's affection.
Nature's arm protects from harm
All those who need protection.

Love's bright charm allays all alarm
And strengthens the will of the mind.
So when in doubt turn things about
And view them from behind.

To return to Kilmer, he was strong in those days in his admiration for Edwin Arlington Robinson. Kilmer's poem, "Martin," obviously influenced by Robinson, appeared indeed in the *Times Book Review* in October. It is one of his poems best remembered. Meanwhile a poem by Alfred Noyes, one of the English poets most popular in America at that time, was published in the *London Daily Mail* and cabled over to appear startlingly in our own press. It was entitled "The Origin of Life" and took fundamental issue with agnostics and materialists. Our young poets remarked that, at thirty-two, Noyes had already attained the eminence of being cabled like Kipling! But the fact that *The English Review* advertised, "An event in literature: another powerful narrative by John Masefield entitled 'The Dauber' will appear in our October number" awoke more interest. *The Century Magazine*, I know on good authority, had sadly returned that very same poem to Mr. Masefield's agent as—"outside the periphery of our present needs."

(*To be continued in a fortnight*)

Whitman in His Works

WHITMAN, AN INTERPRETATION IN NARRATIVE. By EMORY HOLLOWAY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by HERVEY ALLEN

LET us preface these remarks by stating that Professor Holloway has written a most excellent book. It is not exactly brilliant, but it is by far the most satisfactory text on Walt Whitman for general use that has yet come to hand, and considerable applause is in order. In short, this biography of "The Good Grey Poet" takes its place by right of scholarly achievement and manly comment as one of the best among several good and earnest books recently devoted to the reinterpretation and revival of interest in the great literary figures of the American past. Longfellow, Poe, Pinckney, and Whitman have now all received notable attention and comment during the past year or so, and this is, we take it, a significant gesture in the direction of an intelligent and enthusiastic interest in American literature.

Professor Holloway is eminently able to write a life of Whitman. He is in fact one of the outstanding authorities on Whitman, a contributor to the "Cambridge History of American Literature," and a compiler and editor of the uncollected works of the poet whose life he now presents.

"An Interpretation in Narrative" has been well chosen as the descriptive sub-title for this volume. The events of Whitman's career are, it is true, carefully rehearsed in these pages, but they become a spinal narrative by which to interpret and understand the various stages and the philosophy of Whitman's prose and poetry rather than the story of the poet's life told in order to envisage the character of the man. In other words, the biographer has simply chosen to interpret his central figure largely by his work, using the poet's youth, and environment as a prelude, and the events of his subsequent career as a background for his writing.

It is not the intention here to indicate that Professor Holloway has slighted the purely biographical data of Whitman's career. He has, probably in order to keep his book within convenient compass, rather chosen to emphasize the literary aspects of a literary man. This biography of Whitman must, therefore, stand or fall largely on the success of the critical acumen and powers of interpretation which the biographer has brought to the task. Professor Holloway's knowledge cannot be impugned, he is generally and particularly familiar with Whitman's work, and in this book his criticism has risen gallantly to the occasion.

* * *

Nothing is easier in writing the biography of a poet than to force some specious biographical interpretation upon his utterances or to indicate some false objective source for his poetry in the circumstances of his career. The author in this case has for once been thoroughly aware of this danger, and avoided it nicely. Professor Holloway has been most successful perhaps in plainly indicating the reasons for Whitman's advocacy of "Democracy" in the peculiar twist in the poet's character which made a feeling of equality essential to his happiness, and by showing the effect upon this urge-to-be-equal of the world in which Whitman moved. From a critical standpoint, he has also been most happy in making clear that much of Whitman's imagery, which has only too often been interpreted on a physical basis, is in reality of purely spiritual significance. This book contains the best interpretation of Whitman's "Song of Myself," and of the early poems which has yet been offered. Whitman has been triumphantly rescued from the sorry comments of the literal-minded from which he has lamentably suffered heretofore.

One of the most interesting things about the study is the complete proof of the influence of Emerson upon Whitman. This has, of course, been noted before. The full extent of it is now, however, apparent. Emerson, it seems, in reality gave not only direction but outline to Whitman's philosophy. All the "seven points" of the true mystic were found by Whitman in reading Emerson, organized and aptly expressed. That Whitman put these abstract conceptions into physical imagery in his poetry, and objective practice in life there can be no doubt. Whitman was by essence and inclination a mystic. Without Emerson it is doubtful if his philosophy would not have remained diffuse and inchoate. With it, Whitman's work took on a new unity, and an inspired vigor. The peculiar form and figures of his utterance must, of course, be referred to himself alone. That is one of the chief "high points" of Professor Holloway's book. Pages 103 to 112 of that volume constitute one of the rare occasions in literary biography where something of extreme importance is going on between writer and reader.

* * *

As to the purely biographical-narrative aspects of this biography it is frankly impossible to be so enthusiastic. The narrative is entirely adequate to the author's scheme of using it as the reinforcement in the concrete of his literary criticism. But every biographer must abide by the disadvantages as well as the advantages of his plan, and in this case it is doubtful if the more expectant and requiring readers of Professor Holloway's book will not feel disappointed that a complete recall of Whitman's life has not been more thoroughly attempted. It is not the office of the reviewer to instruct the author how to write his book. In this case, in so special a field, it would be peculiarly presumptuous. Yet it is not overstepping the line to remark that if the present biographer had worked in his story and background as thoroughly as he has handled his criticism, the adjective "definitive" would have attached itself to his book. As it is, for a full understanding, a supplementary volume is still in order.

The time has now come when the full implications of Whitman's abnormality, and its tremendous implication in his life and work should be ably discussed. A full understanding of his character without a frank facing of all the facts is impossible. Professor Holloway does not ignore them, but he hunts around rather obviously to make the most of all normal affairs. A light-of-love in New Orleans, and letters from a lady in England are about all that can be produced. The young conductors and "athletes" are handled rather gingerly. Delicacy is admirable, but it does not necessarily imply so much silence.

That Whitman triumphed magnificently over the life-long crucifixion of a feminine soul in a man's body, that by that very fact a great paternal-maternal spirit was able to contemplate, and comment with an all-embracing love, and divine sympathy, overflowing abundantly from the compressed well-spring of genius, is the supreme fact of his life. The evidences of it have engraved themselves permanently upon the tablets of literature. They are there in the kind of democracy Whitman envisaged, and in his catalogues of things, catalogues that for him were living symbols. That other people would not bring to them his poet's ecstasy for both animate and inanimate nature constitute his partial failure as a poet. The cause is plain enough.

Some of these aspects of Whitman Professor Holloway has neglected or understated, but to say that is only to aver that a very finely conceived, and well wrought biography is not the final and great book that the difficult theme of Whitman so exactingly requires.

A Tale of America

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS. By STRUTHERS BURT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

VARIOUS thoughtful modern novelists have done their best to deprive themselves of an audience by entangling their ideas in an intricate web of preciosity or by placing them in the heads of dishearteningly dull protagonists. Mr. Burt on the contrary seems deliberately to have decked out his tale in the most alluring trappings he could devise. He has thereby managed unobtrusively to insinuate into a thoroughly entertaining story his very sage, witty, and fecund observations of American life and manners. Occasionally, to be sure, one has the feeling of dealing with a goodly amount of tinsel and tissue paper only to be rewarded by a momentary flash and an insipid motto. For the most part, however, one finds oneself biting through an ingratiating glacé covering to a decidedly succulent nut.

The tale swings from Philadelphia ("Mammon with a Bible in one hand and a whip in the other") to the New York of writers, artists, and show-girls; from New York to the promotion offices where irrigation projects are hatched and on to the ranch in Wyoming where such projects bring desolation. It drifts back to Philadelphia and New York again, down to Washington and off to the Riviera, before finally coming to rest among the delectable mountains of the title. Its hero, Stephen Londreth, belongs to an aristocratic old Philadelphia family and its heroine, Mercedes Garcia (*née* Wiggens), dances on Broadway in the glittering fig-leaves of her profession. Obviously the possibilities inherent in the respective spheres of influence of these two young people are as enticing as they are illimitable. And once having selected such a cosmos as the playground for his observations, the author need have not the slightest fear of losing his readers.

He will keep them for other reasons as well. Mercedes Garcia of the Escapades is not in the least the person you might expect her to be. She isn't the other thing either. Perhaps that accounts for her sudden (too sudden) appeal to Stephen, that and a common liking for the Bronx Zoo, a common objection to being physically and spiritually crowded. But of course a wealthy young Philadelphian who would desert the distinguished precincts of Spruce Street—and Mr. Burt knows them well—for a ranch in Wyoming might conceivably commit almost any unconventionality. At any rate, the author in following the curiously contrasted reserves of his hero and heroine succeeds in creating a sense of expectancy in his readers which, it must be admitted, he somewhat inadequately satisfies.

Minor themes and minor characters, however, and above all major reflections upon every imaginable subject more than outweigh the blurred and wavering portrait of the heroine in the latter part of the book. For their sake one is even ready to overlook the precipitate and inconclusive impression created by the *infans ex machina* at the close. The scenes between Stephen and a sophisticated, technically virtuous woman of the world, or between Mercedes

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and Hastings, a blasé painter of beautiful women, or between Mercedes and the dark arbiters of her Broadway destiny, or between the various types of Western go-getters assembled in Dahlia, Idaho, are as penetrating as they are amusing. Moreover, Stephen's reactions to his patrician relatives, Mercedes's estimates of her foes and friends ("Damn Gentlemen!"), and especially the vigorous generalizations of the free-lance, Vizatelly—half Quaker, half Pole, and one of the best figures in the tale—often are not only delicately wise in themselves but are phrased in tickling and quotable aphorisms. These things, one feels, rather than the exotic problem created by the relations between Stephen and Mercedes are the real occasion for the story.

If the whole were as good as its many parts, one might express unqualified enthusiasm for Mr. Burt's achievement. He has attempted so much, however, that complete success was perhaps impossible. Lack of incisiveness in the development of some of the characters, irrelevant or insufficiently coördinated incidents, and over-many sententious apothegms, slightly patterned superficies, do not altogether conceal a certain uniformity, if not monotony, of substance: the characters, differentiated as they are, too frequently voice the author's conceptions rather than their own. But these are minor flaws in a work of over four hundred and fifty pages that is in the main serious in intention and skilful in execution. Most of the book is excellent, all of it is entertaining, and its attitude throughout is sensitive, civilized, and urbane. More ambitious in design and more popular in appeal than the author's "Interpreter's House," it will probably be even more widely read.

Mulatto

By Langston Hughes

I AM your son, white man!
Georgia dusk
And the turpentine woods.
One of the pillars of the temple fell.

You are my son!
Like hell!

The moon over the turpentine woods.
The Southern night
Full of stars,
Great big yellow stars.
Juicy bodies
Of nigger wenches
Blue black
Against black fences.
O, you little bastard boy,
What's a body but a toy?
The scent of pine wood stings the soft night air.
What's the body of your mother?
Silver moonlight everywhere.
What's the body of your mother?
Sharp pine scent in the evening air.
A nigger night,
A nigger joy,
A little yellow
Bastard boy.

Naw, you ain't my brother.
Niggers ain't my brother.
Not ever.
Niggers ain't my brother.

The Southern night is full of stars,
Great big yellow stars.
O, sweet as earth,
Dusk dark bodies
Give sweet birth
To little yellow bastard boys.

Git on back there in the night,
You ain't white.

The bright stars scatter everywhere.
Pine wood scent in the evening air.
A nigger night,
A nigger joy.
I am your son, white man!

A little yellow
Bastard boy.

The Bowling Green

Letters from a Fortress

A FORTRESS, I suppose, is exactly the opposite of a jail. A jail, theoretically, is a place any one can get into but no one gets out of. A fortress is a stronghold you can leave when you choose, but no one can enter without your permission. People break out of jail, but break into fortresses.

It is well to have some kind of fortress, however impalpable, if you want to talk about things that seem important.

* * *

Some time ago I read that a number of Christians in Brooklyn had offered objections to a proposal to erect a statue of Buddha in Prospect Park. Which set me wondering how Buddhists may feel about the little images of their prophet which I frequently see in drugstores. They are used as an advertising symbol for a large firm of importers, they stand on soda fountains or cigarette counters smouldering a small fume of disagreeably sweet incense, they bear in large letters the name of the company that distributes them. I am very ignorant in such matters, but Buddhism has always interested me as a logical and beautiful system of belief, and I presume that such images are regarded as rather sacred by its devotees. Is it not a little painful to them to see their emblem of divinity used as an advertising device? What would our Brooklyn Christians remark if they found, in shops in the Orient, a crucifix used as a rack for the display of cigarettes or sweetmeats?

* * *

It is a particular pleasure to me to see George Gissing's "New Grub Street" put back into print, in the frugal and legible format of the Modern Library, with Harry Hansen's sagacious little introduction. The Modern Library, by very alert editorial supervision, has become associated—even in its curious linoleum smell—with things genuinely worth reading; it has long since outgrown the somewhat jejune Dowsonism of its beginning; in those dark 'teens of Greenwich Village all cats were Dorian gray. I am sorry, though, that the merchandising spirit who wrote the jacket-copy for this new edition thought it necessary to step up the voltage of Mr. Hansen's very temperate remarks. Where Mr. Hansen in his introduction speaks of Gissing as "a capable stylist," the jacket transposes it to "a stylist second to none." This of course is absurd; except in occasional adsutures of *pannus purpureus* Gissing was hardly a "stylist" at all—in his novels, at least. And this was due not merely to the monotony of grimness in which he wrote, the dogged weariness with which he plowed through the statutory three volumes; it was due also to a certain chosen dryness of temperament. Such passages as the Athenian sunset in "New Grub Street" are very rare. In "Ryecroft" and in "By the Ionian Sea," books written not for drudgery but for delight, Gissing allowed himself more gamut.

"New Grub Street," of course, is a book so well worth reading that one is cautious against over-recommending it. It is full of Gissing's special virtues of sober, gainly, competent narrative; the admirable treatment of dialogue; the fine, dull, conscientious, workmanlike efficacy. So rarely, so very rarely, does he ignite into a real flash—as for instance his admirable irony in calling the chapter where Reardon dies, "Reardon Becomes Practical." Sometimes he has lapses of really deplorable fatigue or sloth: as where, by giving one chapter a clumsy label he deprives the reader of all suspense in a critical turn of his plot. It is a book that gives the layman a very painful and disillusioning picture of the world of publishing and reviewing. Whether it was quite fair toward the London of the '80's I cannot say: Mr. Hansen judiciously points out that the very moment when Gissing's bitter novel was published (1891) was the time when so many fine things were feathering in more fortunate quills. Beaded bubbles were winking at the brim of many a rich purple-stained ink-well. But I think that any honest pilgrim of the Grub Street of today must confess that even at their worst, in the publishing world we have known, things have never been quite as sordid as Gissing suggests.

It was Thomas Mosher, tireless amateur of the neglected, who kept Gissing alive for a few readers in this country. I well remember the amazement of a publisher, twelve years or so ago, to whom I suggested a general reissue of Gissing's works. He had never heard of him. (It is really incredible, sometimes, publishers' powers of inaudition.) Now perhaps the time is come for a reprint of one or two other things: "The House of Cobwebs," for instance, a volume of short stories in which G. G. showed how much he might have done in that form if the mechanism of the day hadn't been geared to three-deckers. And when will Mr. Doran republish Morley Roberts's "Private Life of Henry Maitland," that most singular of pseudo-biographies?

* * *

A very eminent punster and typographer writes:

Your recent comments on *The Folder* lead me to confide to you that one of my long-standing (though not in type) ambitions is to print, some day,

Roosevelt's *African Game Trails* in elephant folio.
Erasmus's *Eloge de la Folie* in foolscap folio.
A History of Wines and Beers in two tall quartos.
Kingsley's *Water Babies* in small quarto.
Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* in as many octavos as necessary.
Hamerton's *Sylvan Year* in 12mo.
Freud's Works in sextodecimo.
Two Years Before the Mast in 24mo.

And why not an edition of *Leaves of Grass* on esparto paper?

Also, will you kindly tell me: When you published *Thunder on the Left*, were all Rights reserved?

Typographically yours,
Bruce Rogers

* * *

There's a little scrap of paper in Rosy's private collection that brings you very close to some great and vanished things—into the very "shadow of a magnitude." And, among bookmen anyhow, it's hardly necessary to explain who Rosy is—of course Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach of Philadelphia, probably the greatest of all the world's booksellers. And by the way, his series of dictations in the *Saturday Evening Post*, now current, are not being missed by those of us who have learned to listen respectfully when the Doctor speaks.

The scrap of paper I refer to is a bill from the Mermaid Tavern. It was preserved in the family of the Goodyeares—Andrew Goodyeare was the host of the Mermaid in Shakespeare's time—and it gives you a pretty good notion of the sort of dinner you'd have had if you had dropped in to eat with Shakespeare and Drayton or Ben Jonson. When they spoke of "meat and drink" in those days, that's exactly what they meant. Vegetables, you'll observe, weren't on the menu at all.

The document—I believe it's never been published before, and so we are specially in Dr. Rosenbach's debt—goes like this:—

Visitation Dinner

1588
September
14
Superfine bread xi d.
Beer & ale xiiii d.
Wine ii s. xi d.
Sugar x d.
Boiled beef x d.
Roast beef v s.
Boiled mutton iii s. iiii d.
Capon y s.
Fire iiii d.
Summa xx s. iiii d.

Andrew Goodyeare.

Some of the items are not easy to decipher. I was a bit uncertain whether that "capon" might not have been "capers," for the proximity to Boiled Mutton certainly suggests caper sauce. The gorgeous thing about the whole menu is its extreme Britishness. Only add a cabbage or a brussels sprout and it might well be tonight's dinner at any Fleet Street ordinary.

There was a tradition (wasn't there?) that it was at a drinking bout with Drayton, Shakespeare contracted his fatal fever? But the Elizabethans died young not from too much drinking but from too much meat. Strange that such heavy diet bred—as Herrick said of the "nobly wild" Mermaid evenings:

"words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

Christopher Morley.

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Books of Special Interest

Where? What?

NEW CHALLENGES TO FAITH. By SHERWOOD EDDY. New York: G. H. Doran. 1926. $1.50.

Reviewed by WILLARD L. SPERRY
Harvard University

MR. EDDY has been busy for twenty-five or thirty years with religious work among students, and now he has taken a sabbatical year off. He chose to spend the year at Columbia and its neighbor institutions getting academically "caught up." The book which he offers us is an invitation to share in the results of his year's study. Professing to be neither more nor less the book must be taken at its author's own valuation.

Many of us know Mr. Eddy as a man of restless mind and wide sympathies, and latterly we have known him as one in whom the sobering events of the past ten years have bred "the agonized conscience." He writes as he speaks with directness, clarity, and with keen incisiveness. He brought to his assigned tasks during the year off both curiosity and conviction. The result is a book compounded of cramming and conscience.

What are the permutations and combinations of Millikan, the Haldanes, Einstein, Eddington, Pringle, Pattison, Watson, McDougall, Freud, Jung, Russell, Gore, Harnack, Balfour, Glover, (*et al., ad lib.*) taken all at a time? Even the world itself cannot contain the books that should be written to state that case, let alone Mr. Eddy's two opening chapters on the present findings and the religious implications of the natural and psychological sciences. But these chapters should encourage any man who has gone a little stale to make the effort to get abreast the times. One hard year's work is here proved to be rewarding. Mr. Eddy gives us here not one more Outline of Everything, but rather one man's laboratory demonstration of the vital proposition, Every Man His Own Outliner.

The central and closing chapters of the book, containing Mr. Eddy's deepening convictions as to the world's need of a Christianity at once theologically more liberal and ethically more uncompromising, bear the mark of the autobiographer. We sense here what Royce calls, "the beating of the manly heart of the author." His religious premise and method he puts into a single sentence, "Here as everywhere we are forced to an 'either-or.'" This dictum is characteristic of the man of action, but makes no reckoning with the persuasion of the reflective thinker that religion is ultimately the power to say "both-and." You cannot have it both ways. Mr. Eddy abides by his own best way and in the spirit of Robert Browning puts the case for a more ethical liberalism and asks, "Has it your vote to be so if it can?" Which is only to say that he is a contemporary American talking in the vernacular about religion to his fellow Americans. Meanwhile, America has something yet to learn about mystery and wonder and all that Otto means by the "numinous."

As to the problem, Where to spend a sabbatical year? the book raises some questions. The devil wears for many of us the constant seduction of scissors and paste. Reference books and reports are not the sole vehicles of plenary inspiration. The big stick of statistics may intimidate us, it will not convert us. What possible vital meaning can be attached to "1,053,563,000," save that it partakes of "the many-too-many"? Plainly the educated man ought to have a web of knowledge made up of the proved strands of reliable information, yet much of this is, for the purposes of religion, nets to catch the wind. Constitutionally unable to stay away from the reference library we also should be conscientiously unable to silence the claims of Arabia. The Christian religion was set about its business in the Roman Empire by a mature man who deliberately stopped away from professional headquarters. We are not beyond the need of correcting and supplementing Morningside Heights or its equivalent of a touch of the desert, "De te fabula."

Architecture

A BACKGROUND TO ARCHITECTURE. By SEWARD HUME RATHBUN. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by HETTY GOLDMAN

PERHAPS the best that can be said for this book as for any other, is that its essential contribution does not lend itself to easy summary. The book is not a history of architecture; it is not a comprehensive interpretation of the civilizations which have produced significant architecture; nor is it a complete analysis of the æsthetic principles which underly its best achievements. It is something of all three and something more besides. If I understand the author correctly, architecture to be worthy of the name, and not merely a utilitarian construction, must express its fundamental purpose, the necessity by and for which it was created, in just and beautiful proportions, and use the kindred arts of sculpture and painting, if at all, in such a way as to emphasize and not obscure structure and proportion.

The architecture of Egypt, Greece, Rome, France, Italy, and England are successively examined not only in relation to the principles enunciated, but as products of the customs and beliefs of the people; and above all as embodiments of the aspirations of the individuality of those undefinable subtleties, so rapidly apprehended, with such difficulty imprisoned in words, which go to make up the genius or soul of a people. And as the picture unrolls, we see the late comers, the heirs of an ever growing "complication," struggling to express themselves by adapting forms inherited from the past to new and vital expression, until we stand upon the threshold of the present. And shall we add a present failing in its task?

Yes, perhaps failing for the moment. But the author does not leave us quite without hope. True "we cannot go back to the finer past because the Renaissance has shown us the futility of just that thing, but if we are ever to go forward, we must throw aside the preconceptions of the Renaissance and discover facts, must treat forms as our servants fitted to do our work irrespective of whence they come." And where, we may well ask, "are we to find those facts, and where are we to place those hopes, surely not confined to architecture alone?" Why, in the truths of science, which if they seem for the moment to imprison us, may yet some day open a doorway into that spiritual world the reality of which our intuitions proclaim. On that day more things than architecture will flower anew.

But this is only the barest outline. One must admire the success with which the author has, on the whole, avoided the pitfall of that excessive logic to which summary treatment invites and which retrospective vision so easily imposes upon the vital growth of the past to impoverish its significance. Perhaps something less than justice is done to the achievement of Rome, but few will protest against the preëminent position given to Greece and France, Greece which "discovered the abstract and eternal in essential form," France which built the Gothic cathedrals of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The Christian Church was a legacy to the west from all the past and the first great expression of the west was the expression of the Church, a statement so convincing in its beauty that it stands to rank with the Greek and has perhaps the same power to become all-human and timeless on the intuitive plane which the Greek ideal possessed on the plane of reason.

Of course one must not look in this book for more than it professes to offer. The civilizations are analyzed in relation to architecture not to all the arts, which of necessity at times somewhat deforms the picture. There is, for instance, no mention of the element in Greek civilization which produced the mysteries, an element which has been assigned to Dionysus in distinction to the reasonable Apollo. Then too, those who approach Greece from the viewpoint of her literature and who know the Hebraic preoccupations of an Æschylus and Euripides, prematurely afflicted with a spiritual malady of the nineteenth century, will find the eternal boy in the Greek somewhat over emphasized. But let me end with a particular recommendation. The analysis of the development of the column in Egypt, Greece, and Rome is very illuminating and shows a method that can be fruitfully applied to many subjects.

Ernest DeWitt Burton

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Foreign Literature

The Novel

VINGT-CINQ ANS DE LITTÉRATURE FRANÇAISE, 1895-1920. Publié sous la direction de M. EUGENE MONTFORT. Le Roman par EUGENE MONTFORT. Paris: Librairie de France. 2 vols. 1920.

Reviewed by ALBERT SCHINZ.

THE considerable and extremely valuable serial publication, "Vingt-Cinq ans de Littérature Française, de 1895-1920," is now completed. The writer has called attention from time to time to the most interesting chapters. ("L'Académie Française et l'Académie Goncourt," "Les Écoles et les Chapelles," "La Littérature Féminine," "Le Théâtre.") The last one, "Le Roman," was the most difficult to write, which was possibly the cause of the long delay in its appearance. It is written by the responsible editor himself, Eugène Montfort,—who, by the way, is also the editor of *Les Marges*, one of the most vigorous of the "revues d'avant-Garde" ever since 1903. And Montfort is also one of the family, author of several novels betraying an excellent craftsmanship ("La Belle Enfant," "Chanson de Naples," "Cœur Vierge," etc.), which ought to make him an excellent guide. His own conception of the ideal novel is clearly indicated: A good story starts from a "vue sentimentale," but then "intuitions" must be controlled by reason; "la dictée du démon doit être constamment corrigée par le goût." Quite naturally we must expect to have that criterion applied; but, judging is only of secondary importance here, and M. Montfort deserves full credit for having kept his mind open: far from being exclusive he is, even when entirely out of sympathy with an author, not only able but very willing to emphasize qualities—sometimes redeeming ones, sometimes not.

The generation to be considered is that of the men who were about eighteen in 1895. "Singulière destinée que celle des romanciers de cet âge!" says Mr. Montfort. They came at a time when France had recovered from the gloom following the disasters of 1870-71: "Everything was taking a new start. . . . France then seemed so strong and the universe so safe that youth could be anarchistic, antimilitaristic, or carried away by any generous utopia, without having to trouble about consequences." One needs only remember the Dreyfus Affair to understand their ready enthusiasm. . . . That youth was "un peu folle et très peu pratique." Also these young men "rode the first bicycles," and the intoxication of open air was added to the intoxication of social dreams of all kind. But this same generation had to exchange the pen for the rifle and the exhilarating discussions on the terraces of the cafés for the trenches, at the very moment when their intellectual gifts came to full bloom; the most productive period of life, they lost; works commanding the attention of the world would have normally come from their pens about 1914-20. Moreover they were decimated in number. Thus Mr. Montfort explains why that generation, while fully as interesting as the preceding ones, perhaps more, will not, in the eyes of posterity, weigh as much.

What did they want?

They had seen the last of Zola, . . . in fact Zola himself was then redeeming the extremes of his naturalism of the "Rougon-Macquart" by the "Trois Villes" and "Les Quatre Evangiles." Maupassant had just passed away (1893). Daudet had about finished his work, "delicate, rich in pretty touches, . . . imitating to some extent Dickens, but without the dramatic depth of the Englishman." Bourget's psychological novel "Pour les Gens du Monde" had passed its zenith, and "one felt already that the laborious writing of that good critic and mediocre novelist was threatened with oblivion." Loti's talent had been consecrated—and stabilized in its essence—by the Académie. Anatole France alone of that generation was fully alive ("Le Lys Rouge" is of 1894), but his attitude was that of a sage "désabusé de la vie," not that of young blood just entering the arena of life. Truly, in 1895 the followers of the Goncourts were still held in great honor,—those Goncourts who had "créé une certaine façon de mal écrire, dans une langue tarabiscotée, remplie de néologismes;" but the most talented of that group, who was Huysmans, ended by a most remarkable combination of mysticism with the formerly rebuked naturalism; Mr. Montfort aptly defines it as "spiritualistic naturalism."

The one thing that in those years was rather pointing towards the future, and thus prepared the generation of 1895 for 1920, was offered by two other followers of Zola and Goncourt, *i.e.*, the brothers Rosny: G. H. Rosny was one of the five who signed the famous manifest against Zola in 1887 claiming that if truthfulness requires at times nasty objectivity, the latter ought then to be observed at least and interpreted *with the brain*; their novels were indeed less "simple, populaire, vulgarisatrice" than Zola's, but they sinned too, for their "philosophic interpretation" was no longer—or not yet—art: "la philosophie en art ne doit pas se voir."

Why did the novelists after 1895 not accept in the whole the program of the Symbolists? Because the latter—most of them—in their zeal to free themselves of the slavery of mere physical aspects of life, lost contact with reality entirely; they were absorbed by such diverse literary adventures as those of Henry de Régnier in "Contes â Soi-Même," "Canne de Jaspe," of Pierre Louys in "Aphrodite," of Alfred Jarry, the author of "Ubu Roi," in "Le Surmale," of André Gide in "L'immoraliste." There remained the group of *La Revue Blanche*; they would perhaps have had more chances to win the sympathy of the coming generation if the most important of them had not specialized each in a rather limited domain of his own: the sixteenth century historical novel of Maindron ("Le Tournoi de Vauplassans"), the frenetic prose of Hugues Rebell ("Le Diable est à Table," "La Calineuse"), the bucolic style of Jules Renard ("Poil de Carotte") and the humor of Tristan Bernard; they did not reflect a collective state of mind. (Such a statement about Jules Renard might be questioned, however.) Finally such strong figures as Octave Mirbeau and Maurice Barrès were temperamentally too much "des isolés" to be looked upon as leaders.

So the generation of 1895-1920 considered that they must make a fresh start, and grew up, so to speak, spontaneously. Their mark is emphasis on the human side of life: "Une intimité plus grande entre l'auteur et ses personnages" (thus getting very far from naturalism); and "de l'amour; le besoin d'être humain . . . richesses de matières humaines." Mr. Montfort does not say so, but from his characterization they are followers of Alphonse Daudet after all. What Mr. Montfort does show very interestingly is that, in their treatment of stories, there are nuances which go from the extremes of Charles-Louis Philippe ("La Bonne Madeleine et la Pauvre Marie," "La Mère et l'Enfant," "Bubu de Montparnasse") who represents "sensibilité" practically uncontrolled, "intuition," even "un certain désordre," to that of the brothers Tharaud ("La Maîtresse Servante," "L'Ombre de la Croix," "La Tragédie de Ravaillac") who perhaps just as profoundly humane as Charles-Louis Philippe, improved on the artistic side; in their eyes "la composition, l'art conscient, la volonté" count considerably; "ils coulent la matière dans une œuvre classique"—indeed they do not always avoid the danger of being "plus des historiens que des romanciers."

More of the Charles-Louis Philippe type are: Frapié ("La Maternelle"), Guillaumin ("La Vie d'un Simple"), H. Bachelin ("Le Serviteur," "Sous d'Humbles Toits"), and especially Pierre Hamp ("Marée Fraiche," "Vin de Champagne"), a genuine socialist who started life as a scullion, then as cook in the Chemins-de-Fer du Nord to reach the goal of literary fame. More of the second type are Charles Géniaux ("Le Choc des Races," "L'Océan"), Schlumberger, Pierre Mille, Eugène Montfort, Benda.

What about Romain Roland? He addressed more particularly the cultivated classes; "Jean-Christophe" is an artist, but one who preaches the same gospel, after Realism, and after Symbolism, as the authors just named; *i. e.*: let us become genuine again. In their own way the "Exotiques et Voyageurs" are inspired by the same desire: Broaden, humanize the mind. There are quite a number of them, which leads one to think, that contrary to general opinion, French people are great travelers . . . whenever their purse permits; and some did not wait for the great war to begin; thus, John Antoine Nau ("Force Ennemie"), Claude Farrère ("L'Homme qui Assasina"), Henri Daguerches ("Le Kilometre 83"), the much lamaneted Emile Nolly ("Hien-le-Maboul"), the authors of that exquisite "Ulysse Cafre," the brothers Marius-Ary Leblond, and many others.

Some "humanized" themselves by studying the peasants, the faithful knight of the soil. Here the writer would venture a criticism: Mr. Montfort does not seem to have realized the part of the peasant novels already so flourishing before 1920. It will be a surprise to many that Louis Hémon, the author of "Maria Chapdelaine," and E. Perochon, the author of "Nêne," are ignored by him, while Pol Neveuse's "Golo" is just barely mentioned.

From 1910-14 there was a great blossoming of promising talents: Louis Pergaud, Alexandre Arnoux, Roger-Martin du Gard, Jules Romain, Luc Durtain, etc., etc. Three are singled out by Mr. Montfort for separate treatment: Jean Giraudoux, Valéry Larbaud, and Marcel Proust. By the way, the appreciation of Marcel Proust by a man like Mr. Montfort, the spokesman of many, is well worth having. Especially since the "Proust-fad" seems to continue in full force outside of France:

> On a émis l'opinion que ses livres étaient écrits d'après des rapports de domestiques avec lesquels il entretenait d'étroites relations. La vérité, c'est qu' on y trouve des morceaux passionnants au milieu d'autres infiniment fastidieux . . . il est l'artiste qui ne choisit pas. . . . On ne peut nier la sorte de génie de Proust mais il faut s'élever contre son art, contre sa négation de l'art. Un bavardage intarissable qui de temps en temps contient autrechose que du bavardage, ne forme pas réellement, authentique et impérissable, un livre. En outre ses personnages, le monde auquel il s'attache, est excessivement médiocre il est ridicule.

Did the war change things? Not a bit. Indeed the war rather hastened the movement than slowed it down. Duhamel, Barbusse, and Dorgelès, can deepen the humane element in consequence of the great tragedy . . . and since the war, even indirectly the same note is sounded. François Mauriac ("L'enfant Chargé de Châines") sings the song of the loftiness of suffering as found in traditional catholicism; Louis Chadourne ("L'adolescence Inquiète") is only one among many who expresses pity at the distress of the men who were young during the war and who have behind them four years of trenches instead of four years of normal education, and who wonder where to turn for guidance in life. Even Pierre Benoit in his Roman d'Aventures ("Atlantide," and so forth), out of sympathy for the exhausted minds, offers relaxation in telling good romanesques stories—fairy tales for the adults, to lull them to sleep.

All told the thesis of Mr. Montfort seems altogether sound: A generation very rich in talents, in life, in promises, but which could not yield its normal crop. Literature and art in Europe seem to have as much difficulty to recover their balance after the fateful years of 1914-18, as society itself. Here was the chance for America, undamaged by the war, indeed rendered more prosperous through the war, to come forward and take the lead. Did America do it? Others can answer.

A "Bibliographie du Roman," by Pierre Leguay, is appended. It is prèceded by an extraordinary "Avertissement": The Bibliography will exclude women, and novelists of other nations writing in French. One may be willing to admit that as novelist women, and novelists outside of France, are inferior in that period. But to make such qualifications a criterion is very strange indeed. This would eliminate Colette Willy, Lemonnier, Rodenbach, Coolus, and the Swiss Ramuz. (By the way, Lemonnier is mentioned by Montfort himself in the text, and Coolus in the Bibliography.) There are other things that might be criticized in this bibliography: Mr. Leguay quotes "L'Assasin Innombrable," by Champsaur, which has not the slightest resemblance to a novel; he quotes from Clemenceau several works which are not novels either; Courteline's "Un Client Sérieux" is a comedy, not a novel. Luc Durtain mentioned in the text is not in the bibliography; Le Braz's titles are incomplete. Pérochon's "Les Creux de Maisons" (1913) is not mentioned; neither is Louis Hemon's "Maria Chapdelaine," which was published first in 1911.

Erratum

By a regrettable oversight in regard to the review of Stella Benson's novel by Elinor Wylie in our issue of last week, the word "Monacan" (referring to Monaco, the capital of which is Monte Carlo) was changed in the printing to "Minacan," rendering Mrs. Wylie's reference meaningless.

The AMEN CORNER

THE OXONIAN, lunching in the darksome back room of an incognito restaurant, encountered an amiable specimen of the Publisher's Young Man, recently immortalized by C. Morley in the Bowling Green. Attacked thus in the one vulnerable spot of his reserve,—his lunch hour,—and yielding to the softening influence of cherry pie, this peaked but jovial scaler of Parnassus yielded up piecemeal the morphology of his species. The habits of this discreet but quietly enthusiastic individual, written in his own antique style, make a weekly journal full of adventure and variety, vaguely summarized below.

ON MONDAY, a noon-hour ramble to the Brick Row, where Byrne Hackett fondly exhibited new treasures, and Miss Young produced from her hidden store a first edition of Cushing's *Life of Osler*(1)—no mean collector's item. We in turn made glad their hearts with the sight of many fine illustrations in *The Legacy of the Middle Ages*(2)...In the evening to the Coffee House on 45th Street, where was Otis Skinner among so gay and talented a company that we outstayed the new curfew...A day or so later to Wanamaker's, where Earl Rossman spoke of his adventures in the Arctic, and autographed for admirers many copies of his thrilling tale of a tenderfoot in the North, called *Black Sunlight*(3)...It must have been Wednesday that we went to the Bankers' Club where, after lunch amid the captains and the kings, L. Eastman and others spoke of the American Arbitration Association, whose publications will soon go out from Thirty-five West 32nd Street...Was it the same day that we went to the Rudge Press with Bruce Rogers, who is as genial as his title pages?' At any rate, there was a lunch with F. Hood, the friendly potentate of Baker and Taylor, who listened receptively to praises of *Crime and Detection*,(4) that collection of classic thrillers . . . Thursday evening to *The Brothers Karamazoff*, which we thought might well be in the World's Classics,(5) which now include *Tolstoy* and *Aksakov* ...On Friday an excellent chop and baked potato with C. Smith, who praised the new Tapestry binding of *Shakespeare*,(6) devised in England for the Oxford Press, and took a copy to show his accomplice E. V. Mitchell, the Hartford bookseller. We in turn praised his Book Notes... Then to the Biltmore in full panoply, where musicians were gathered at a dinner given by the Oxford University Press to do honor to H. Samuel of London, and to inform musicians that the Oxford Press in England and America has created departments to do for music what it has done for literature. Several spoke well and briefly, and W. Damrosch took time to pay a pretty tribute to the future of Oxford music in America... It was Saturday, then, that we had a longish midday meal with M. Rostovtzeff, whose *Social and Economic History of Rome*(7) gains daily new laurels, and with L. Froelick, who pilots *Asia* along its colorful way . . . Then home to Mount Vernon, where a quiet evening at the fireside with popcorn and *English Men and Manners in the 18th Century*(8)—from which good company finally reluctantly to bed!

"THE PROPER study of mankind is woman" remarked young Harvard á propos of *English Women in Life and Letters*(9)... "Not always proper", commented the Publisher's Young Man, cynical after a year in New York..."Let us hope, at any rate, that history will repeat itself", contributed Pamela, pointing admiringly at the illustration of "husband-taming" in *English Life in the Middle Ages*(10)..."I agree" rejoined young Harvard, showing her "The Ducking School for Scolds" on page 309 of *English Women*, and then on page 350 pictures of "The Idle Girl Converted to Habits of Industry"..."Yes, give us the old days by all means," added the Publisher's Young Man, pointing out George Berkeley's poem in the *Oxford Book of 18th Century Verse*,(11) where America is:

In happy climes the seat of innocence
Where nature guides and virtue rules.

"Enough of this flummery!" said Pamela, crossly, retreating to the amenities of the Middle Ages.

THE BLESSED Middle Ages, when subways were never crowded, and radios knew no static!

—THE OXONIAN.

(1) $12.50 (2 vols.); (2) $3.50; (3) $1.75; (4) 80c; (5) 300 titles, each 80c; (6) 7.50; (7) $15.00; (8) $4.00; (9) $4.00; (10) $3.50; (11) $3.75.

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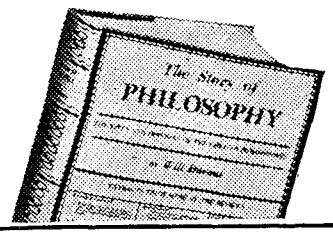

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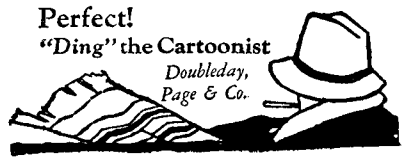

Doubleday, Page & Co.

Points of View

Mrs. Ravenel

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

In your issue of January first, one reviewer discussed two of Mr. Harold Vinal's publications. Evidently he had not at hand a copy of "Who's Who in America" to tell him what he is probably too young to know that before Mrs. Ravenel's marriage in 1900, she was Beatrice Witte. I believe "Who's Who" also tells that Mrs. Ravenel has a daughter. Mrs. Ravenel is well known in the neighborhood of Boston by those who remember her in Radcliffe College where she began to make a reputation for her verse and short stories. This reviewer probably never heard of her story "The High Cost of Conscience" which was published as one of the "Best Short Stories" of say—1920. "Who's Who" is a troublesome volume because it deals with facts instead of opinions, and this writer's long suit is, or seems to be, the finality of his opinions. "The Arrow of Lighting" bears marks of life lived hard, fully.

Mrs. Ravenel's reputation is known; her attack on life is her own. She has enough of an instinctive sense of geometric beauty and truth not to place the worn-threadbare sex question at once in the centre and at the circumference of the circle of life; nor does she make the mistake which bores often and fatigues always of forcing physical reality as if it were the whole of reality too near the eyes of the reader. With a realism at certain moments stunning, she writes for the farsighted as well as the nearsighted. In imitating the Creator as in her own "Monkeys," she "knows when to stop—some creatures do not." Beatrice Ravenel undoubtedly brings a fresh message in every kind of mood and tense, hidden in the marshes of the South Carolina coast, or in a bird's flight or song, or in a light breeze or sharp wind, or in some lonely tree or again in the scented colored atmosphere under the sky over those gardens with high walls in Charleston where she grew up. Let the doubting reader take a look at "First Love," "Intervals," "Evolution," "Coasts," "Of Gardens," "The Yeassee Lands," "The Pirates," "The Sun Dial." The book possesses the "art that conceals art."

The review is to be regretted not for any harm that it could do, but because it shows what a delightful experience the writer has missed.

LOUISA MCCRADY.

Boston.

Mr. Ramsaye's Book

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

It is all very amusing for you folks to thrust tongue into cheek and pass Mr. Tully's review of "A Million and One Nights" with, "Oh, well! People will make allowances for the exaggerations and inconsistencies and absurdities. And anyway, we have to stir up the animals every so often." But I wonder how you reconcile such flippancy with the excellent purpose you set yourselves when you announced your staff of Saturday Reviewers?

That Terry Ramsaye wrote literature in his history of the motion picture I do not contend; it is beside the point, anyway. Heaven knows every critic of letters in this country every day praises writing which doesn't come within a mile of being literature. But Mr. Ramsaye certainly did a good job, a readable job, a graphic job, not utterly incomparable with "Fix Bayonets." And his book no more deserves the intemperate attack of Mr. Tully than a first rate maker of apple pie deserves an attack for not having made caviare.

How in the world does Mr. Tully find a basis for abuse in the fact that "A Million and One Nights" was originally published in *Photoplay?* A writer sells his product where he finds a market. Mr. Tully himself tried to sell an article on von Stroheim to the *American Mercury* and failed. Does he admit its cheapness simply because, in the end, he had to see it in with the tosh that fills *Vanity Fair?* Mr. Tully complains that Mr. Ramsaye wrote with no sense of drama. What Mr. Tully means, I believe, is that Mr Ramsaye wrote with none of the ballooning heroics beloved, it would seem, by authors of novels of defiance. Comedy is drama. And Mr. Ramsaye is no less a dramatist because he found the history of the motion picture just something louder and funnier and not another Iliad. Does Mr. Tully see no drama in the firm of Bauman and Kessel? Or in the end of Arthur Johnson? Or in the beginning of Charlie Chaplin? Or in Carl Laemmle? Or—Oh, Hell! The list might be run through a dozen pages. Or is it that Mr. Tully is unable to see drama unless it happens to be his kind of drama and is written in his own style?

Mr. Tully writes that Mr. Ramsaye has none of the gifts of the writer, and particularly no skill at characterization. But when Mr. Tully writes so badly that his reader is left with the impression that Mr. Tully sees a parallel between leading motion picture producers and the Twelve Apostles, is he competent to judge any man's gift with words? And when Mr. Tully hero-worships as blindly as he does in the paragraph which begins, "In a conversation with Mencken a week ago that shrewd observer said, 'As a matter of fact, I have met some very civilized people among them (the motion picture people)', the great critic's heart is as big as mankind," is he competent to judge any man's skill at characterization? In passing, too, some good friend ought to lead Mr. Tully aside and whisper into his ear that almost everybody is aware of his acquaintance with Mr. Mencken.

And if Mr Tully reviews another book for you it seems to me he ought to be told that such stuff as he writes, beginning, "The Jewish Race," and ending at the bottom of the first paragraph, third section, is hardly germane to his subject, any more than, shall we say, a reviewer's announcement that he once took a bath would be properly included in a review of a book on Oceanography.

But of course, Mr. Tully's column and three-quarters is not a review; it is no more than a statement of opinion set against as frail a background as Mr. Tully thinks Mr. Ramsaye had. And I must close, as I opened, wondering how in Sam Hill you could print it along with such discerning criticisms as Mr. Lippmann's estimate of Mr. Mencken, or Mr. Tinker's report on John Erskine's "Galahad," or, for that matter, your own, "Thirty to Sixty."

DELOS W. LOVELACE.

Minneapolis.

Critics and Critics

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

"Whatever quarrel the æsthetician and the psychologist may have"—says Mr. Krutch in the admirably moderate essay on Poe and his critics which he contributed to a recent issue of *The Saturday Review*—"there is no place where it may be more conveniently fought out than over the dead body of Poe." And thus the battle ground is chosen. However, before the guns begin to roar, we ought to exercise more care in selecting our armies.

Mr. Krutch would set the "metaphysical" critics on one side and the "psychological" critics on the other. However, there are two objections to this choice. The first is that the race of truly metaphysical critics has probably ceased to exist. The second is that the psychological critics themselves are divided into two warring armies, between which Mr. Krutch has failed to distinguish. Some of these critics are interested in the psychology of the writer, and some in that of the audience. Or, to make the distinction clearer, we might say that psychological critics of the first type are concerned with the *causes* which produced a work of art, while those of the second type are concerned with its *effects*.

Mr. Krutch's biography of Poe is an excellent example of *casual* criticism. For psychology of the second type, we might turn to Poe's own writings. He was so little concerned with the psychology of the writer, and so deeply interested in that of the audience, that when he set out to explain how he wrote "The Raven," his explanation was entirely mistaken—as concerns himself. Instead, it was a masterly presentation of the methods by which an author *affects an audience*.

Mr. I. R. Richards is also primarily interested in the psychology of the audience; so that it is wrong to oppose his conclusions to those of Poe and Valéry. As for the latter author, a few quotations from the forthcoming translation of "Variety" will show his attitude to the problem:

"What critics call a *realization*, or a successful rendering, is really a problem of efficiency . . . in which the only factors are the nature of the material and the mentality of the public. Edgar Allan Poe . . . has clearly established his appeal to the reader on the basis of psychology and probable effect."

"The most important ingredient of literary composition is the idea of *the most probable reader*. . . . The change of century, which means a change of reader, is comparable to an alteration in the text itself."

In reply to the casual critics, M. Valéry would probably say that the casual criticism of a poem is like the casual criticism of a pearl. The poem is conceivably, the pearl certainly, the result of an unhealthy condition; but this has nothing whatever to do with their own *effects*.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

New York City.

"The Cavalier Spirit"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

My attention has just been drawn to a review of my book, "The Cavalier Spirit," by Mr. B. H. Lehman, in the *Saturday Review of Literature* of October the 23rd. While admitting that the criticism of my summary of political and military events as being "respectable but slow" may be perfectly just, I cannot agree that the narrative of the events of Lovelace's life is introduced into it "at not particularly significant moments." This, however, is a matter for the individual reader to decide for himself. Focussing is as necessary an operation for the reader as for the writer, and each one of us doubtless possesses a more or less distinct form of mental eye-sight. To Mr. Lehman, for instance, it appears that "the Cavalier Spirit is simply not looked at" in my book, whereas other reviewers have considered that one of the main features of the book is the contrast that is drawn therein between the spirits that animated the opposing parties in the Civil War. I mention this merely as an instance of the curious divergences of opinion our varying mental eye-sight may lead us into.

I would also draw your attention to one other point, not so much because of its intrinsic importance as because of the somewhat superior tone in which Mr. Lehman makes the necessary correction: (William Carew Hazlitt, by the way, always figures here as W. H. Hazlitt). Lamentable as it may seem, such mistakes do occur. For instance, if I through quite unpardonable inadvertence have blundered in regard to W. C. Hazlitt's rather unfortunate initials, Mr. Lehman with equally gross carelessness has gratuitously bestowed on Richard Lovelace a knighthood which he never possessed.

CYRIL HUGHES HARTMANN.

Turning the Tables

"Once upon a time," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "any sign of early brilliance in a child was made the excuse for cramming its poor little brain with a world of useless knowledge. One of these unhappy infants was the son of Evelyn, the diarist, who wrote of him: 'At two and a half years old he could read perfectly any of the English, Latin, French, or Gothic letters, pronouncing the first three languages perfectly.' A little later, Greek and mathematics were added to his accomplishments. Again, a younger brother of Montcalm, the defender of Quebec, could read Latin fluently at four, and two years later knew Greek and Hebrew also. Probably these were merely very brilliant children 'crammed' to the point of cruelty, but Christian Heineckem, born in Lübeck in 1721, was certainly abnormal. He had read the Bible when barely a year old, and before he was three had mastered history and geography and was proficient in three languages. The results? Heineckem died when four, Montcalm at eight, and Evelyn's son before he was six."

Alderman Sir James Roll, a former Lord Mayor of London, has presented to the Dickens Museum, in Doughty Street, a fine old grandfather clock which formerly belonged to Moses Pickwick, of Bath, a hotel and coach proprietor in real life, who gave Dickens the name for his most famous character.

"Adam's Breed," Miss Radclyffe Hall's novel of the Italian waiter, which was recommended for the year's Femina Vie Heureuse Prize for the outstanding English novel, won the award in competition with Sylvia Townsend Warner's "Lolly Willowes" and Liam O'Flaherty's "The Informer." The novel was published in America last season by Doubleday, Page & Company.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

CATALOGUE OF THE INDIAN COLLECTIONS IN THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON. Part V. Rajput Painting. By *Amanda K. Coomaraswamy*. Harvard University Press.

Belles Lettres

ESSAYS AND STUDIES BY MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

GLASGOW AND BALLIOL. By *P. A. Wright-Henderson*. Oxford University Press. $2.

H. G. WELLS. By *F. H. Doughty*. Doran. $2 net.

MILTON'S SEMITIC STUDIES. By *Harris Fletcher*. University of Chicago Press. $3.

Biography

FIGURES OF THE PAST. By JOSIAH QUINCY. Edited by M. A. de Wolfe Howe. Little, Brown. 1926. $4.

This is a new edition of the reminiscences of Josiah Quincy, an old Bostonian, originally published just after his death in the eighties. The period covered is from 1811 to 1844. The author, as a member of an old family friendly with politicians and important visitors from overseas, as well as in his position as a young man about Boston, Washington, and Baltimore (the social capitals of the day) was given an exceptional opportunity to obtain a personal, actual, and vivid view of all that went on during a transition period of the greatest importance. His account of these years is gracious, urbane, and still decidedly interesting to read. The fact that his style, and perhaps his spirit as well, harks back to transatlantic models does not rob the book of its sincerity, good humor, and general atmosphere of rightness.

THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN ALONSO DE CONTRERAS. Translated by CATHERINE ALISON PHILLIPS. Knopf. 1926. $3.50.

PABLO DE SEGOVIA. By FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO-VILLEGAS. Knopf. 1926. $3.

Alonso de Contreras was an adventurer of the better sort, a Knight of Malta, a navigator, a soldier, and the friend of Lope da Vega in the great period of Spain. His autobiography has been excellently translated by Miss Phillips, providing for jaded moderns a book singularly honest, meaty, and unassuming. Contreras's life was a mixed affair, half given to what would today be classed as highway robbery and half to exploits of the most romantic bravery. He seems to conceal little and to sentimentalize not at all, conveying in the end both the color of his time and his own likable quality.

The new edition of Quevedo's "Pablo de Segovia, or the Spanish Sharper" has been provided with a detailed introduction by Henry Edward Watts. The translation used is the original seventeenth century version. It cannot be said that this classic example of the picaresque romance makes steadily entertaining reading. No doubt can exist of the authenticity of its background and atmosphere, but there seems to be little laughter left in it. A love of the sordid and incredible amounting at times to an obsession fills it. Mr. Knopf has been bold to include Quevedo's work in his Blue Jade series. Most people, it seems likely, will prefer to read of how Alonso de Contreras carried off the Bey of Chios's mistress, under the very nose of that potentate. Truth seems, even in seventeenth century Spain, to have conformed to platitude and proved stranger than fiction.

THE VESPASIANO MEMOIRS: Lives of Illustrious Men of the Fifteenth Century. By Vespasiano da Bisticci. Translated by W. G. and E. Waters. Dial. 1926. $5.

"As it has chanced that from time to time I have met many illustrious men whom I have come to know well I have set down a record of these in the form of a short commentary to preserve their memory." So wrote Vespasiano da Bisticci, dealer in rare manuscripts and literary adviser to some of the greatest men of his time, and he was well placed to carry out a task so foreign to his calling for he lived in Florence during the fifteenth century, in Renaissance Florence, the home of learning and the fine arts to which came statesmen, churchmen, and scholars from all Christendom. His list is a long one, made up of a hundred or so popes and rulers, cardinals, archbishops and bishops, statesmen and writers, and it includes many whose fame posterity has dimmed and others, no doubt, who at the first had little claim to the title "illustrious," for Vespasiano had generous standards.

Equally generous was the praise he gave to his "Illustrious Men," making their "Lives" a tale of virtue so unbroken that the reader may sometimes think he is reading "Lives of the Saints." Yet Vespasiano is rarely dull. His homely, vigorous language is sure in portraying character or describing good works, and gives life to the many stories which he repeats from the gossip of the day. His pages tell us much about the manners and interests common to men of culture and learning; there are frequent references to the blind worship of ancient classical civilization, and to the liberality of wealthy men. Sometimes Vespasiano's own interests show through, as in his apology for using the vernacular and his proud remark about the printed book which would be ashamed to show itself in the scarlet and silver manuscript library of Federigo. It is a pity that we do not know more about him, for his bookshop must have been a center of intellectual life in Florence.

BETWEEN TWO WARS. By *James Mark Baldwin*. Stratford. 2 vols. $10.

SAINT JOAN OF ORLEANS. Edited by *Paul Studer*. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

THE LIFE AND TIME OF ADOLPH KUSSMAUL. By Theodore H. Bast. Hoeber. $1.50.

BENJAMIN CARVER LAMME. Putnam's. $1.25.

A BEACON FOR THE BLIND. By *Winifred Holt*. Dutton. $1.50.

LIFE OF EUGENE FIELD. By *Slason Thompson*. Appleton. $5.

WAR BIRDS. Doran. $3.50 net.

FRONTIER DUST. By *John Lord*. Hartford: Edwin Valentine Mitchell. $2.50 net.

Drama

LITTLE THEATRE ORGANIZATION AND MANAGEMENT: For Community, University and School. By ALEXANDER DEAN. Appleton. 1926. $2.50.

THE BOOK OF PLAY PRODUCTION FOR LITTLE THEATRES, SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES. By MILTON SMITH. Appleton. 1926. $3.

During the present craze for drama production in high schools throughout our country, and for the founding of little theatres, hundreds of harrassed teachers and leaders of community clubs have found themselves face to face with the terrifying problem of putting a play upon the stage. When enthusiasm in theory must be translated into skill in deeds, there often comes a sinking of the heart. All very well to sit behind a classroom desk and lecture on Shakespeare, or to mount a club forum and urge the founding of an art theatre. The difference comes in when a committee, emerging from somewhere, appears convinced by the arguments and appoints the orator to command an undertaking.

Mr. Dean writes to rescue the harassed. Here, if you would know it, is a little theatre (or a big one, too, for that matter) in chart, plan, theory, advice, precept, what you will—detailed, thorough, nothing omitted certainly—an encyclopædic inclusiveness, with possibly a little too solemn a stating of all this amazing information. It is a very serious matter to Mr. Dean. One reads hoping to catch his smile, which outside his book he distributes generously to his co-workers, but here the legs of his Pegasus are that of a rather high horse. Not that his seriousness injures the value of his book—not a whit, and the unconscientious harassed needs to be reminded that the joy to be found in art comes from not trifling with one's job. What he reads here will be sound doctrine, if he heeds one warning. Mr. Dean's plan of organization calls for a staff somewhat too elaborate for a small beginning. Amateurs, multiplying themselves on committees, may easily overwhelm any kind of a director. Let the director direct with as few assistants as may be, until he has made clear, without interference, what his theatre can and cannot do.

Mr. Smith's book, venturing less into the realm of committees and staff, goes backstage with tacks and glue-pot, shears and costume-stuffs, and in clear, simple explanations tells how to make scenery, properties, costumes, and all the other mysteries and ingredients for the magic cauldron from whence, after due incantations, there issues complete a play.

In short, Mr. Smith's book, with its plates and diagrams, its practical knowledge, and general air of "this is the proper way to do your job" is one of the best of its kind. Mr. Smith's eye sees clearly, and what it sees is how to make the production of a play. He is among the safest of guides for the amateur, since Mr. Smith is concise, fool-proof, and correct. But the readers of both these books will do well to remember that after all, an amateur is an amateur, whether he be professor of dramatics at Weissnichtwo or president of the Thespian Lotus Buds; and that amateurs, while they have much to give, must still give as amateurs—that is, not too solemnly, not taking themselves too seriously. For when all is said and done, an artist is necessarily by the definition of the word a professional. Meanwhile, it is the duty of the amateur to keep the artistic bull's eye as his aim. Some day, then, he may hit it.

THE SOCIAL MODE OF RESTORATION COMEDY. By *Kathleen M. Lynch*. Macmillan.

THE SONG OF DRUMS. By *Ashley Dukes*. Doran. $1.25 net.

Education

THE MEANING OF ADULT EDUCATION. By EDWARD C. LINDEMAN. New Republic, Inc. 1926. $1.

The heart of this very suggestive book is contained in the postscript where Mr. Lindeman says: "Growth is the goal of life. . . . And the meaning of life is always an emergent concomitant of striving. . . . If then the meaning of life is to be discovered in becoming, education can serve as revealer only in so far as the learning process is continuous." It is time that these United States should realize, as have other countries, the value and need of education for adults provided a system of education is not created and superimposed before genuine desire for it exists,—a desire based on a different attitude toward the rôle of education beginning in childhood. Certain adults in especial need—those who need to be learners, those who require freedom, those who would create, those who appreciate (every one can find himself addressed)—are considered in succeeding chapters. The author's words carry conviction, as his own "formal education" began when he was twenty-one and his experience was the starting point of his theories.

EDUCATION FOR ADULTS. By *Frederick Paul Keppel*. Columbia University Press. $2.

GREECE. By *M. A. Hamilton*. Oxford University Press. 85 cents.

CHILD GUIDANCE. By *Smiley Blanton* and *Margaret Gray Blanton*. Century. $2.25.

Fiction

HARDY RYE. By DANIEL CHASE. Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $2.50.

Like Lester Cohen's "Sweepings," this is the saga of a New England family. Where Mr. Cohen chose the industrial side of the picture, however, Mr. Chase concentrates on the agricultural. The patriarchal system, with its great desire to till and cultivate and pass on the land to a new generation, is the foundation upon which his Wheelocks have built up their power. In Wes Wheelock the conflict between a youthful seeking for adventure and a more mature love of the land is perfectly shown. He comes close to escaping when Anna Robichaux urges him to go West with her. But at the last minute the departure of his brothers forces him to remain, marry the other girl, and settle down. Eventually his grandson, after a similar struggle, takes his place. The land holds at least one of each generation, and the Wheelock farm goes on, even in the face of changing conditions.

No outline of this plot can clearly convey the richness and surety of Mr. Chase's background and atmosphere. He begins in the telegraphic-impressionistic style of Thomas Beer, and introduces a bewildering number of Wheelocks and Wheelock connections. With the maturity and age of his protagonist, however, a greater simplicity enters the book. In dramatic moments an overlapping technique is effectively used to demonstrate the significance of the scene from more than one viewpoint.

This is not a startling novel. It is quite possible that it will pass unnoticed, but for all that it is a solid, capable piece of work, free of pose, yet never dull. In fact, the well-made narrative and able characterizations indicate that this is the work of an accomplished writer, whether his name be Daniel Chase or one more familiar.

MARCABRUN. By RAMON GUTHRIE. *Doran*. 1926. $2.50.

That precise blend of the historical manner with fable, adventure, scandal, philosophy, and wit, which James Branch Cabell alone of recent American novelists has consistently achieved, must inevitably be taken

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

as the standard by which Mr. Guthrie's new book is to be judged. The comparison is bound to be unfair, but the similarity of his troubadour to the personages of Mr. Cabell's Poictesme is too striking to be passed over. Marcabrun is a fellow of much spirit and resource, an arrogant liar, a splendid lover, and a still more splendid hater. The elaborate background of chivalry and roguery against which he performs has been capably filled in. Mr. Guthrie writes always with energy and often with considerable invention. With all that can be said for his book, however, certain reservations must be noted. He permits Marcabrun to be sentimental, for instance; and he too often mistakes a tale of the bed-chamber for self-sufficient wit. When there is nothing else in the offing, he seems to believe that Marcabrun has but to speak of a lady as a "prime harlot" to become the very devil of a fellow. In short, the perfect blend has not yet been attained. All the ingredients are there, and it is not hard to feel that after another book or two Mr. Guthrie will find himself both nearer Poictesme in quality and less close to that attractive but dangerous realm in certain external mannerisms.

WEST OF THE MOON. By ANNA ROBSON BURR. Duffield. 1926. $2.50.

Paris, Venice, the Dolomites for background; and as elements in the story a mysterious secret society, an American heroine, an adventuress with the luscious, the positively juicy, name of Leila de Lluria, do not wholly save Mrs. Burr's latest book from dulness. She shows an expert hand at romantic scenes, and the central idea of her novel is by no means lacking in fascination, but in sustained good writing and a unified plot she has failed to live up to her own standard, as shown us in the sweeping color of "St. Helios" and the suspense of "The Great House in the Park." Many of the effects in "West of the Moon" do come off smartly, proving that at her best, Mrs. Burr is a highly engaging reporter of things European. The general tidying-up, cutting, and reassembling process which was necessary to make a first-class story out of such splendid material seems unfortunately to have been omitted.

THE HIDDEN KINGDOM. By *Francis Beeding*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

A CHEQUER-BOARD. By *Robert Clay*. Lippincott. $2.

THE PIPE ORGAN PUMPER. By *Chet Shafer*. Greenberg. $1.50.

VIVIAN GREY. By *Benjamin Disraeli*. Knopf. $4.

THE FRIENDLY FOUR AND OTHER STORIES. By *Ralph Connor*. Doran. $1.75 net.

THE LAW OF THE TALON. By *Louis Tracy*. Clode. $2.

MAN'S WORLD. By *Charlotte Haldane*. London: Chatto & Windus.

GRAIN. By *Robert Stead*. Doran. $2 net.

PRIZE STORIES OF 1926 CHOSEN BY THE SOCIETY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES. Doubleday, Page.

THE KEY ABOVE THE DOOR. By *Maurice Walsh*. Stokes. $2.

THE CURSE OF THE RECKAVILLES. By *Walter Masterman*. Dutton. $2.

LILIECRONA'S HOME. By *Selma Lagerlöf*. Dutton. $2.

FLYING DEATH. By *Edwin Balmer*. Dodd, Mead. $1.75.

BEHIND THE FOG. By *H. H. Bashford*. Harpers. $2.

FLYING CLUES. By *Charles J. Dutton*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

History

THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE MEDICI. By SELWYN BRINTON. Small, Maynard. 1926. $4.

Mr. Brinton's more general works, "The Renaissance in Italian Art" and "The Renaissance — Florence, 1450-1550," are here developed by a study of the Medici family and their influence on the life and art of Florence, especially during the period from Cosimo's triumphant return in 1434 to his great-grandson Piero's ignominious exit in 1494. He admits at the outset that he has become a partisan supporter of the Medici, but a partisan by conviction, for he says that he began his studies with Republican sympathies. Partisanship of one kind or another is, perhaps, to be expected among students of this vigorous family; in Mr. Brinton's case it gives color and action to his treatment of the subject.

The book falls into two main parts; a discussion of the rôle played by the Medici in developing the intellectual life and art of Florence through their encouragement of scholars and artists, and an examination of some of the great works of art produced under their patronage in relation to the events which they were meant to commemorate or embellish. The first subject has already been adequately treated, and here receives little more than a fresh restatement. In dealing with the second, Mr. Brinton passes from the mere identification of portraits of the Medici and others in some of the great scriptural and classical paintings of the time and attempts to explain the more allegorical works of art in terms of political and other circumstances which prevailed at the time of their creation.

HOME LIFE UNDER THE STUARTS, 1603-1649. By ELIZABETH GODFREY. Stokes. 1926. $4.

This book was published in England in 1904 and apparently instead of being "remaindered" there, the sheets have been sent to New York, a new title page procured, and American publication provided twenty-three years later, with no date on the title page. Some mention of the fact that the book is not a new one would possibly have been fairer.

Jessie Bedford (who wrote under the pseudonym of Elizabeth Godfrey a few novels and three or four historical works such as this) has done—or did—a workmanlike task. She discussed the nursery, the games, songs, and lesson-books of the children, student-life at the university, girlhood, marriage and romance (only seldom bracketed together in that time), housewifery, dress, gardens, etc. There is much of interest in the book, just the kind of material out of which papers can be quickly put together for a women's club, and it is pleasantly written. The author has used the well-known diaries and bodies of letters, not without discrimination. In her preface she modestly says that it has sometimes seemed to her that she ought to leave her study to "abler hands or wait till time should increase or ripen the little store or materials" she had gathered. Alas! that few handicraftsmen and ready carpenters of history have such misgivings, alas, that even fewer obey the impulse not to publish.

It would indeed have been asking a great deal of one so unpretentious to have suggested that she could have widened the range of her materials by the use of the plays and ballads. When for example in the old song of the Bailiff's Daughter of Islington we hear that the song of the squire (no doubt a younger son) went to London to become an apprentice, we pick up a bit of social information not readily found elsewhere, a type of information that would have been useful to this book.

GERMAN AFTER-WAR PROBLEMS. By KUNO FRANCKE. Harvard University Press. 1927. $1.50.

The four sober and sensible essays contained in this little volume are the result of visits made by Professor Francke to his native land in 1920, 1923, and 1926. The first three, already printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, discuss intellectual currents in post-war Germany, in particular Count Keyserling, whom Dr. Francke calls a "German voice of hope," and the relation between German character and the German-American. The fourth considers German after-war imagination.

Dr. Francke is impressed, as all objective observers of Germany must be, with the practical imagination shown by the Germans both in their internal reconstruction and in their foreign policy since the establishment of the republic. He is not so agreeably struck by contemporary German accomplishment in the field of art. Here, with some noteworthy exceptions, he finds a lack of that very self-discipline and self-mastery which has kept the new Germany from falling into dictatorship on the one hand or anarchy on the other. As for the German-Americans, he feels that their task does not lie in the pursuit of group politics, but rather in applying to American problems their characteristically German contribution, which he thinks consists in "independence of personality, depth of conviction, earnestness of intellectual effort, spiritual striving, just appreciation of cultural values."

There is nothing startling in these essays. Nearly everything Dr. Francke says, has been said, at one time or another, in the better sort of newspaper correspondence. Few, however, have the time and patience to read newspapers carefully. And Dr. Francke presents, in brief and well-digested shape, facts about the new Germany which everybody ought to know.

THE GORDON RIOTS. By *J. Paul de Castro*. Oxford University Press. $6.50.

THE PRAIRIE AND THE MAKING OF MIDDLE AMERICA. By *Dorothy Anne Dondorf*. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press.

HARSHA. By *Radhakumud Mookerji*. Oxford University Press. $2.

Miscellaneous

THE NORMAL CHILD AND HOW TO KEEP IT NORMAL IN MIND AND MORALS. By B. SACHS, M.D. Hoeber. 1926. $1.50.

Dr. Sachs gives in tabloid form material that is capable of infinitely wider expansion. It suffers from the compression. The book may be recommended for two reasons. First, its suggestions are made as the result of long experience. Second, it emphasizes the fact that "psychological facts may be true and interesting, but the application of them in the training of a child may be both faulty and dangerous." Ideal parents, then, are not pseudo-scientists, but rather meet their problems with commonsense methods, based on a sympathetic understanding of the child's difficulty.

CRIMINAL PARIS. By NETLEY LUCAS. Doran. 1927. $3.50.

The author of this curious book appears to be an ex-crook who has reformed to the extent of writing about crime instead of practicing it. His friend, Etienne Gaspard, "one of Europe's cleverest international crooks . . . though deploring that I had given up crime, agreed to act as my cicerone through the human jungle of Paris's underworld."

There follow, all in the best pseudo-romantic Sunday supplement style, visits to beautiful women apaches, opium dens, "fences" and what not, together with references to several well-known French criminals of recent years. Just for what public the book, reprinted from an English edition, is intended, is not altogether clear. Pick-pockets, hold-up men, badger-games, etc., are certainly no novelty in New York. And the tabloid-newspaper devotees could scarcely be asked to invest in such a substantial volume, even though they might be interested in the matter of it, were it chopped into quick-lunch bits and sold for two cents.

SHIP MODEL MAKING. By *Capt. E. Armitage McCann*. Vol. II. Norman W. Henley, 2 West 45th Street, New York. $2.50 net.

CLINICS, HOSPITALS, AND HEALTH CENTERS. By *Michael M. Davis*. Harpers. $5.

THE HOME RADIO. By *A. Hyatt Verrill*. Harpers. $1.

FAMILY DISORGANIZATION. By *Ernest R. Mowrer*. University of Chicago Press. $3.

ELECTRIC DEVELOPMENT AS AN AID TO AGRICULTURE. By *Guy E. Tripp*. Knickerbocker Press.

SINGER'S FRENCH. By *May Laird-Brown*. Dutton. $1.60.

HOMES OF FAMOUS AMERICANS. By *Chesla C. Sherlock*. Vol. II. Des Moines: Meredith.

BAHA'I YEAR BOOK. Bahá'í Publishing Committee, P. O. Box 348, Grand Central Station, New York City.

FAMOUS TRIALS OF HISTORY. By the *Earl of Birkenhead*. Doran. $4 net.

ADVERTISING RESEARCH. By *Percival White*. Appleton. $6.

CRIMINAL PARIS. By *Netley Lucas*. Doran. $3.50.

FERTILIZERS. By *Herbert Cave*. Pitman. $1.

COMMERCIAL AIR TRANSPORT. By *Lieut. Col. Ivo Edwards* and *F. Tymms*. *Pitman*. $2.50.

Religion

BUSINESS AND THE CHURCH. Edited by JEROME DAVIS. Century. 1920. $2.50

Here is a compilation of articles by some of the true leaders in social, business and industrial circles. They have a religious message worth noting, for they reassure us that the principles of religion are being applied with operative efficiency in the very quarters where the real test comes. To be sure, the convictions of these battle-front leaders are not often serene or conventional; but that is as it should be. Rugged, shirtsleeve, hard-worked vitality of fighting faith can only be expected to bring some discomforts to traditional piety.

How can we apply our loyalties? What is the relationship of business and the Church to the process? Is it not possible that the will to exploit may have such a bewitching appearance that we shall mistake it for the will to serve? . . . How far are pagan actions in the commercial and financial world imperative? . . . All honor to the brave group of those who are making their business accord with their ideal as they see it. Thus says this book.

There are many who will disagree with the prescribed function of the Church as indicated. They do not believe the Church is called to the championship of concrete programs, but to inspiration. Granted that the humanity of the toiler is as precious as that of the employer, nevertheless the Church's business is with principles, not with programs. The individual is not to be relieved of the duty of creative decision. We may differ from Dr. Davis in his implication that the Church must weigh and balance various forms of social organization and accredit the chosen one. Where is independent character if program-dictation becomes the Church's domain? The main trouble with the relationship between wage earner and Church has too frequently been that the worker asked the Church to stamp its approval on his specific form of union and to ratify the demand for a given wage, and that when the Church failed to do this, it forfeited the allegiance of the outraged man, who straightway proclaimed that the Church had no sympathy for him. "We believe it is the duty of the Church to investigate local moral and economic conditions as well as to know world needs"? Surely the Church must be sensitive to need; it must suffer with the unjustly treated and the exploited, but the recommendation of this or that economic reorganization and wage-scale is not its shoemaker's last. The separation of Church and state would seem to involve that the Church should not attempt to be judge or divider, but inspirer, comforters, and creator of strength to win victories in the Christian spirit.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE. Printed by William Edwin Rudge for the John Day Co.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER
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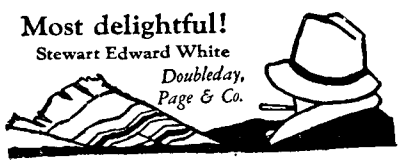

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By Amos L. Herold

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COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
New York

Travel

A CANYON VOYAGE. By FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH. Yale University Press. 1926. $4.

First published in 1908 by G. P Putnam's Sons and for some time out of print, this "narrative of the second Powell expedition down the Green-Colorado River from Wyoming, and the explorations on land, in the years 1871 and 1872" is now reissued in a handsome and dignified format by the Yale University Press, which, as Mr. Dellenbaugh says in his Preface, "has set for itself many tasks in perpetuating American history in various forms." As the only detailed record of an expedition which completed the exploration and survey of the Grand Canyon and executed the first maps of it, the book was eminently worth reprinting. Half-tone illustrations and sketches made on the spot are thickly sown throughout the text, and are so set in motion by Mr. Dellenbaugh's vigorous narrative that one almost ceases to regret that there was no picture camera in existence half a century ago to perpetuate this incomparably thrilling voyage.

THE GREAT ISLAND. By DON SEITZ. Century. 1926. $3.

The onlie begetter of this book is accorded the place of honor on its jacket. When Mr. Seitz was a lonely small boy in Malone, New York, his first real friend was Captain, a Newfoundland dog. One unexpected consequence of the friendship is this informal, pleasantly discursive history and guidebook, beautifully illustrated in duotone, which has for its topic the proud and self-reliant island which steadfastly refuses to ally itself with the Dominion of Canada. Of course, Mr. Seitz is too good a newspaper man to omit a chapter on Grand Falls and Bishop's Falls, the sites of Northcliffe's paper mills, or fail to tell some excellent anecdotes of that eccentric genius. As for the Newfoundland dog, Mr. Seitz reports that *mésalliances* with Labrador Eskimo breeds have ruined the pure strain, but that kennels have been established to bring the genuine dog back.

BY WATERWAYS TO GOTHAM. By LEWIS A. FREEMAN. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $3.50.

This trip of two thousand miles by skiff and outboard Evinrude motor from Milwaukee to New York City took Mr. Freeman through the Great Lakes, the Trent Canal, the St. Lawrence and Richelieu rivers, Lake Champlain, and the Hudson River. Far from proving a fair-weather jaunt, it landed him in more rough work and almost as much rough water as he had found in running the rapids of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado the previous year. As is so often the case, it was not until he was ending the trip in his own country that he found anything but courteous treatment from any official or habitant along the way. Mr. Freeman's style is picturesque and lively, although indulging too frequently in the unhallowed verb "to wolf." The odd omission of a map of his route is not altogether compensated for by the numerous excellent illustrations and an appendix which gives river, lake, and canal data on an all-water route between New York and Georgian Bay.

LOST LONDON. By *E. Beresford Chancellor* and *J. Crowther*. Houghton Mifflin. $15.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS. By *Struthers Burt* (Scribners).

THE GANG. By *Frederick M. Thrasher* (University of Chicago Press).

TWO GENTLEMEN IN BONDS. By *John Crowe Ransom* (Knopf).

A. K. L., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks which of the Today and Tomorrow Series deals with the progress and future development of medical science.

THE two that give it special attention are "Pygmalion: or The Doctor of the Future," by Dr. R. McNair Wilson, and "Hygieia: or Disease and Evolution," by Burton Peter Thom, M.O. The first is comparatively cautious, considering what some of the authors of this entrancing collection can do in the way of prophecy. For that matter, the other, Dr. Thom's forecast of a world in which men will be immunized against disease, seems not so fantastic to one who has watched the progress of sero-therapy in our own time. But these are not the only volumes that would interest a physician: biology plays throughout by far the most important part in the collection.

I don't know of a more provocative pursuit, nor one in which a study group might more profitably spend a season, than reviewing this series book by book, observing how the various volumes interlock and in what instances they contradict one another, tracing the general attitude of the writers to a single subject, such as feminism, eugenics, war. The old are throughout almost as unpopular as America: it might be interesting to gather the adjectives applied to both. I have just been making such an interlocking study of the series, and it was a most stimulating entertainment.

It does beat all how these cats keep coming back. Here is M. B., Mesilla Park, New Mexico, "the proud owner of a beautiful Persian kitten," who asks what book will tell about diet, care, and the treatment of ills.

THE book that covers all these and gives reliable advice on the greatest number of subjects is Hamilton Kirk's "Diseases of the Cat and Its General Management." This costs $3.50; it is published by Ballière, Tindall, & Cox, 6 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London, and it may be bought here from A. Eger, 9 S. Clinton St., Chicago.

S. E. N., Orange, N. J., asks what recent books about Paris describe places of historic interest.

"THE Paris That Is Paris," by W. White (Scribners), is good for guiding or for reading: I have tried it both ways. An excellent plan for six days in historic streets is "Old Time Paris: a Plain Guide to Its Chief Survivals," by George F. Edwards, M.D. (Dutton). E. V. Lucas's "A Wanderer in Paris" (Macmillan), is an old favorite, still reliable, and Clara Laughlin's "So You're Going to Paris" (Houghton Mifflin) has been a life-saver to many a tourist last summer. "Two Little Children in Old Paris," by Gertrude Slaughter (Macmillan), is one of the best books ever written about traveling with children; I mean staying in a foreign city. It gives a view of Paris not quite like that in any other book, and will be treasured by any mother. "Paris of Today," by Ralph Nevill (Doran), has almost as much about gay life of the past as it has about fashionable society of the present, and the pictures include some of an earlier day. "Paris on Parade," by R. F. Wilson (Bobbs-Merrill), is more concerned with the present day. There is a new book on the old London. Speaking of this city, there is a new and revised edition of Summerfield Story's "Dining in Paris" (McBride), and by the way, the magazine *Vient de Paraitre*, the bulletin of new books that I lately recommended, carries every month a department of gastronomy in which famous restaurants offer their productions in the true artistic spirit.

L. N. R., Oakland, Cal., asks for a list of reference books on architecture, to deal with composition and design, with domestic architecture, and with styles in architecture.

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art publishes a leaflet, "How to Know Architecture: Suggested Readings," compiled by Richard F. Bach, which will give the student valuable leads in such study as this. It quotes the reading course on the subject offered by the U. S. Bureau of Education, and for which a certificate is issued on completion, by the Commissioner of Education. For style in domestic architecture, the publications of the Robert McBride Co., this city, would give the desired information; these include "The Colonial House," by J. E. Chandler; "Architectural Styles for Country Houses," by Henry H. Saylor; "Low Cost Suburban Homes," by Richardson Wright, and a number of others. "The Domestic Architecture of the Early American Republic," by Howard Major (Lippincott: $15), is a beautiful work, of importance not only in this connection but as a contribution to our social history. It shows 250 examples of the Greek Revival type, instituted by Jefferson.

H. G. C., Boston, Mass., asks for books on Turkey of today, especially such as present the status of women at the present time.

"MEMOIRS of Halidé Edib," published by the Century Co., lays the cornerstone of such a list. It is more than a report on the emergence of feminism amid Turkish customs, more than the life-story, so far as that life has gone, of a tremendous woman; it is a study of modern Turkey from this woman's standpoint. Besides all this, Halidé Edib keeps the attention of even a casual reader with continual anecdote, personal touches, and striking turns of speech. "Modern Turkey," by Eliot Grinnell Mills (Macmillan), has a chapter on women by Mary M. Patrick. This is a very large book, a collection of surveys by specialists on every aspect of the subject, including minority groups. "Turkey," by Arnold Toynbee and Kenneth P. Kirkwood (Scribners), is a constructive study of the new spirit. "Constantinople," by George Young (Doran), is made up of history, legends, and a survey of the modern city. One might include Edmund D'Auvergne's "Pierre Loti" (Stokes), for this romantic work, which tells the "true stories" of his novels, includes the facts in the case of the lady in "Disenchanted." There is something about the Turk in transition in Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Nomad's Land" (Doran), of which the first part is given to a trip that begins with a camel-caravan camping outfit in the Libyan Desert and ends at Beirut. The second part is on a ranch in our own country.

Elise R. Noyes, of the *Hartford Courant*, tells me that the novel in which a violinist is lost at sea is Beatrice Harraden's "Patuffa" (Stokes). I thought it was, but couldn't quite trust my memory: this book is an unusually good picture of life among violin students at the Joachim period. Encouraged by this response, I send out another call, on behalf of *C. W. del P., Minneapolis, Minn.*, for a novel in which a murderer attempts to conceal the body of his victim in a quicksand; the scene is American, and the hero's name is remembered as "Les Setter;" the whole is a study of farm life. I've always meant to make a comparative study of quicksands in fiction, and this may provide me with more material. It has been my contention that a good quicksand should not be wasted, as it is in B. M. Bower's "White Wolves" (Little, Brown), by having a pretty good sort of fellow get into it and out again; it should have been saved for the final disposition of a villain without breaking a commandment. Martha Ostenso's quicksand in "Wild Geese" (Dodd, Mead), keeps the hands of several exasperated neighbors free of blood. Really there should be one on every literary farm ready to pop in the critter too mean to swing for.

"DETROIT" *tells me about another book for the insect collection*: "The Ants of Timothy Thuemmel," "that very delightful satire of Arpad Fereczy's, based on the social life of the ants, and published by Harcourt in 1924." *G. T. W., Middletown, Conn.*, suggests that students of our country's geography, especially the one who asked about National Parks, be told of the Government Publications in Price List 35, 11th edition, May, 1926. These inexpensive booklets, written from first-hand information by scientific men in the employ of the Government, are quite fully illustrated, one for each Park. "There is also the National Parks Portfolio, 1925, cloth, $1, with 266 pages of photographic views with descriptive text of 19 national parks and 22 National Monuments. A list can be obtained from the Supt. of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington."

AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS ASSOCIATION MEMBER

Every six months or so someone is likely to walk into a bookshop and demand a copy of "Institutions" by Smithsonian, or a title which, if there were such a book, would be about as popular. The bookseller either has it or knows where to get it, but in the latter event it may take a little time. If his customer understands that there is an enormous number of books that are seldom requested, and that, even though the shop has a large stock, it is possible that that one particular book is not on hand, he or she will probably be content to wait until it can be secured. Unfortunately not all people realize that every book cannot be carried in stock at all times, and there are persons who will complain. As there are probably a quarter of a million different titles that may be called for (this does not include the current books) it should be obvious that not all of them can be found in each shop.

* * * *

Have you ever noticed the great number of titles that ***are*** to be found on the shelves of even the smaller bookstores? Has it ever occurred to you that some of these are there for the purpose of supplying perhaps only one person in that community with the one book that that customer happens to want at once ***and only once?*** What other "store" will purchase one article to hold on its shelves sometimes for months so that a single demand may be met?

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THE ORPHAN ANGEL

By Elinor Wylie

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RUPERT BROOKE

1887-1915

He was the son of one of the masters at Rugby School, where he combined love of books with athletics and good fellowship.

At Cambridge, his chief literary influences were Swinburne, Pater and Dowson.

When living at Grantchester, he developed his delight in nature, which prompted such exquisite poems as "Sleeping Out" and "Blue Evening."

He loved life, and once wrote to a friend, *"I want to sing* 1000 *poems, drink* 1000 *pots of beer, walk* 1000 *miles, kiss* 1000 *girls."*

He visited this country in 1913, when he wrote "Letters from America."

Then he sailed for the South Seas. His life in Samoa and Tahiti,—where he was known as *Pupure,* "The Fair One,"—called forth his latent pagan enthusiasms. Here he worked with greater spontaneity than ever before.

He returned to England in 1914, and took a commission in the Royal Naval Division.

In his love for England, and his hatred—not fear—of death, he conceived his finest work, contained in "1914 and Other Poems."

He died of blood-poisoning at the age of 28 during the Dardanelles Expedition, and was buried in the little Greek Island of Scyros.

"Well this side of Paradise! . . .
There's little comfort in the wise."
Tiare Tahiti.—*Brooke.*

First editions of the works of Rupert Brooke may be obtained at the

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The Phoenix Nest

PARVULIS E GLANDIBUS ARBOR VITAE MINIMA E PENNA LIBER BREVISSIMUM SUB TEGMINE ACERIS SACCHARINI. AUG. XVII, MCMXXVI.

THIS tablet was put up on a tree near the cathedral, Garden City, Long Island, January 11, 1927, to commemorate the publication of the first book issued by Messrs. Henry & Longwell, "Publishers in Petto." The book was "Paumanok," by *Christopher Morley.* The tablet, affixed to a maple tree with appropriate ceremonies, during a snowstorm, was dedicated by *Marcella Burns Hahner,* the famous bookseller of Marshall Field & Co., Chicago. The date on the tablet refers to a meeting held under that tree last summer when the plans of this minuscule publishing house were first discussed. Messrs. Henry & Longwell will issue only small fugitive items of great rarity and price. . . .

The volumes dealing with the eighteenth century which have issued from the offices of the Oxford University Press are so numerous that that organization has recently published a selective list and summary concerning them. One important collection of volumes has been omitted. So extensive is the list of books by and about *Samuel Johnson* that the enumeration of their virtues has been reserved for a separate circular. The Age of *Pope* and the Age of Johnson are, however, represented by useful titles, and under the head of "Early Romanticism," the poetical works of *James Thomson, Gray, Collins, Goldsmith,* and *Chatterton* (the Rowley Poems), as well as the Kilmarnock *Burns* in reprint, *Hurd's* "Letters on Chivalry and Romance," *Morgan's* Essay on Falstaff, and three thorough, expensive volumes of *Blake,* are listed for the scholarly. . . .

Wynant D. Hubbard, author of "Wild Animals" (Appleton), after surviving on *Arnold Horween's* unbeaten Harvard eleven in 1919 and then disappearing into darkest Africa to hunt leopards, lions, elephants, and hippopotami for American zoos, returned to our fair city to be promptly knocked down by a sea-going taxicab. Since when we have felt vastly more dashing, roaming around these crowded streets alone. . . .

More tributes to the late *George Sterling* are found in the December *Overland Monthly,* belatedly blown to our desk. This famous old magazine has taken on a much more peppy modern aspect than it could boast when we were in California last. But when it declares on the cover that it was founded by *"Brete Harte" (sic),* we must reproach it on behalf of the late Bret. O a little "e" and how much it is! . . .

Perhaps we have been tempted to cavil because another California periodical, viz.: *Saturday Night,* in a New Year's editorial entitled "Lapses in a Literary Journal" has seen fit to take exceptions to the English of our esteemed contemporaries, the author of "Qwertyuiop" and Mr. Morley in "The Bowling Green." It begins by spelling "Qwertyuiop" wrong, the top-line of its typewriter evidently being in bad repair, and then quotes the colloquial "had got" as an inexcusable solecism, although in a patently "shirtsleeves" history. The next expression it attacks is "pondering over." Upon which we have recourse to *Edgar Allan Poe.*

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I
pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of
forgotten lore. . . .

Then, says *Saturday Night,* concerning "Qwertyuiop's" use of "further." "Surely, since distance is denoted it should be indicated by rendering the adjective 'farther'," thereby clinging to a distinction made by the Oxford English Dictionary, of which *H. W. Fowler,* in "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage" has this to say:

> The fact is surely that hardly any one uses the two words for different occasions; most people prefer one or the other of all purposes, and the preference of the majority is for *further.*

Macaulay wrote, "It was not thought safe for the ships to proceed *further* in the darkness." *Berkeley* wrote, "Men who pretend to believe no *further* than they can see." As for the sentence, "Where were *some of the rest* of our famous great," "Qwertyuiop" has made no pretense, from the beginning, of being a purist. He is an old journalist who tells us he intends to go on writing in his shirtsleeves. He also tells us that the crowd in Margery Currey's *rooms in Chicago met and promoted* art, as stated, since *Saturday Night* cavils over this also. He begs *Saturday Night* to correct their statement that a "perihelion" appeared over Chicago on a certain date. They got it wrong. It was a "parhelion," or mock-sun. It appeared, as stated *on* February fifth. He does *not* regard the preposition as superfluous. He hopes other Western writers will "eschew" being so finicky. If *Saturday Night* is going to go in heavily for style, its spokesman should acquire three things (1.) a volume of Fowler's excellent book (Oxford Press, $3), (2.) a sense of humor, (3.) a better proofreader. . . .

The twelfth annual luncheon of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures comes off today (watch that "comes off," *Saturday Night!*) at the Waldorf-Astoria. *Professor John Erskine* will be speaking on "The Irony of Censorship." WEAF will broadcast the whole affair to the country. . . .

We have received as a gift from the Phoenix Book Shop of 21 East 61st Street a copy of "Conradia," the map by *Lloyd Coe* which they have recently published. It is a fine chart, illustrated by scenes from Conrad's various tales. . . .

In February Scribners will publish "The Ghost Book," edited by *Lady Cynthia Asquith.* It contains stories by *Hugh Walpole, May Sinclair, Algernon Blackwood, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, Arthur Machen, Walter de la Mare,* and many others, all now published in book form for the first time. . . .

William R. Kane writes us from Chicago. We quote in part:

> I have transferred my activities from Book Hill, where for more than sixteen years I edited *The Editor,* to Chicago, where I am working with the Reilly & Lee Company. I miss the Highlands of the Hudson, but the high buildings of Michigan Avenue make me lift up my eyes. I used to look at the summit of Bald Rock Mountain as I smoked and mused; here I am beside a large window that frames a Lake Michigan view. Interesting things about Reilly & Lee authors and books that I have picked up already are:
>
> 400,000 copies of the *Edgar Guest* books were bought last year. 375,000 of this sale was verse. *El Comancho,* a brave who gets the welcome sign from six tribes that have adopted him, has a book of real, red Indian bed-time stories, with illustrations by *Charles Livingston Bull,* going to press. El Comancho's slogan is: "You'll never find my moccasin tracks in a dusty trail." The Wayside Inn has been opened to receive an author-guest. He's *Jack Miner,* who has a sanctuary for game birds in Ontario. Jack is the fellow who rescues the wild swans that are carried over Niagara with the ice, heals their wounds, and sends them on their way. He is a "natural," without a bit of front, who writes the least affected English of any author I've read recently. The twentieth book in the Oz series, with as good color work as I know of, is coming along. I knew there were three or four Oz books, but twenty! "Diet and Health and Key to the Calories" has gone into 42 editions, and I guess this is because doctors prescribe it, and patients are so amused, or incensed, by the author's humorous jibes at them and her boundless egotism, not to say conceit, that they diet to spite her! The house has sold 600,000 copies of a series of pleasant, humorous novels about an old maid, Miss Minerva, whom fate presents with the job of raising an orphan niece and marrying an admiring major.

Although we are no tremendous booster for the American Institute of Arts and Letters, we are glad that they have elected *Professor William Ellery Leonard* to their august organization. His "Two Lives" (Viking Press) is certainly one of the most remarkable poems that has been published in America for a long while. And his former books of poetry, not nearly so well known, are well worth your search. . . .

"Tristram," a new long poem by *Edwin Arlington Robinson,* now heads the Macmillan poetry list. And *Padraic Colum* has a new volume of poems upon it entitled "Creatures." Both these books of poetry we can endorse sight unseen. . . .

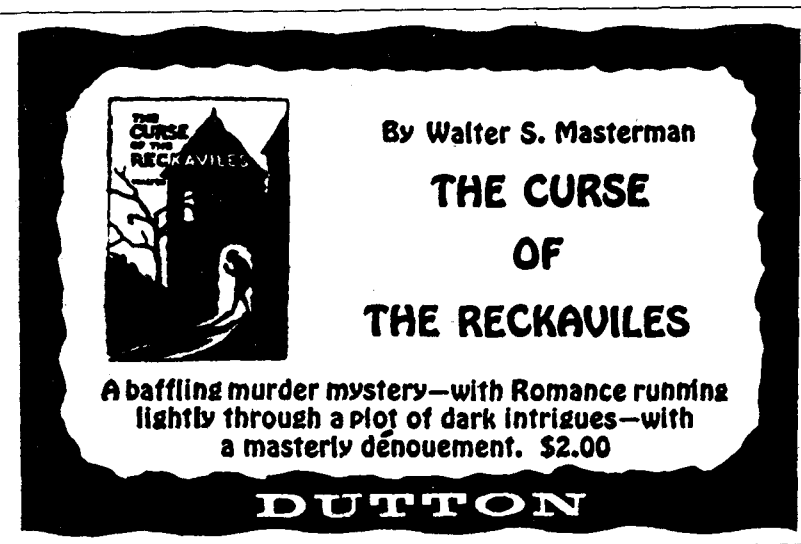
Washington Irving's old publication, *Salmagundi,* is being revived and issued from an old house formerly owned by Washington and his brother Ebenezer, in Hastings-on-Hudson, New York, before Irving selected "Sunnyside" as his permanent home. You can reach *Henry Collins Brown,* the editor, and compiler of Valentine's Manual, by phoning Hastings-on-Hudson, 749. . . .

Adieu, adieu, our plaintive anthem fades. . . .

THE PHŒNICIAN.

"Historic Newstead Abbey, home of the poet Byron, near Nottingham, is being transformed into an apartment house," says a news dispatch. "Newstead was founded in 1170 by Henry II as a priory for the Black Canons. On the dissolution of the monasteries it was granted to Sir John Byron, in whose family it remained until 1817, when the poet sold it. One of the sights of the priory is an oak planted by the poet in 1798 as a monument to Boatswain, his dog, with the famous inscription:

" 'To one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices'."



By Walter S. Masterman

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

LAST year a copy of the first edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" was sold at Sotheby's in London for £6,800 and returned because it was a second issue of the first edition. The return was made, according to the statement of the auctioneers, under No. VI of their "Conditions of Sale;" and the statement added: "The feature of the book which justifies the return under the 'Conditions of Sale' consists in the fact that this copy belongs to the second issue of the first edition, which has a five-line errata at the end of the last page of the text. The existence of two issues of the first edition had not hitherto been generally known to bibliographers." The book was subsequently repurchased by the buyer whose bid went to £6,800, and the price is said to have been £5,300, or £1,500 less than it had brought under the hammer. Many collectors are of the opinion that the buyer drove a hard bargain not justified under the "Conditions of Sale." They ask, "Is a book necessarily 'defective' because after the sale it is found to vary in a slight detail from another issue of the same edition?" In the case of this copy of "Pilgrim's Progress," which is indisputably a copy of the first edition, although a variant, if the book is returnable on the ground of being defective, does not such procedure open the door to many future difficulties? The proper procedure, if right of return was conceded, would have been to have included the volume in a later sale, and it is altogether probable that its second sale would have shown little loss. Mr. Arundell Esdaile, secretary and formerly assistant keeper of printed books at the British Museum, has given it as his opinion that the addition of the five line errata should have made very little difference in the value of the copy. "In any case," he is said to have stated, "the rarity of the book is so great, in either issue, that I think the purchaser is ill-advised to return it. He will probably never see another, and if he does he has small chance of getting it." This opinion, of course, was given before it was generally known that the original purchaser had secured the book at a reduction of £1,500. The incident is still being discussed by collectors and experts and many interesting opinions are being expressed. The final result will probably be that the conditions of sale will be changed so as to prevent the return of variants of the first edition, which can be easily done.

GOLDEN COCKEREL PRESS BOOKS

THE Golden Cockerel Press of London has begun the publication of a new and important series of reprints of lesser known Elizabethan and Caroline plays. The books will be edited and contain an introduction by Professor Allardyce Nicoll, and will appear under the general title "The Berkshire Series." Notwithstanding the attention given in recent years to this field of literature, there are still good opportunities remaining, as the initial volumes in this series demonstrates. The first is Edward Sharpham's "Cupid's Whirligig," 1607, which has not been reprinted since the seventeenth century. The succeeding volumes are Lodowick Carlell's "The Tragedy of Osmand the Great Turk," 1657, and "The Fool Would Be a Favorite; or the Discreet Lover," 1657. As Carlell has been a neglected dramatist, neither of these two plays has been previously reprinted. These books, bearing the Golden Cockerel Press imprint, are, of course, well-printed and well-edited and are limited to 550 copies. The price is 15s. each, which is reasonable. This press has also recently issued an edition of "The Book of Jonah" limited to 175 copies, reprinted from the authorized version of King James, accompanied by engravings on wood by David Jones.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS

FOR several years *The Bookman's Journal*, by its careful monthly analysis of the demand for the first editions of modern English authors, has been a considerable factor on both sides of the Atlantic in influencing intelligent collecting by constantly showing the consensus of collectors' opinion, which on the whole has been remarkably sound. As *The Bookman's Journal* has been recently suspended, probably to reappear in a new format, its last analysis compiled from the desiderata of second-hand booksellers is of special interest. This list contains forty-five authors, the author at the head of the list having eighty-nine separate titles to his credit, and that at the foot fifteen. The first twenty names, in order, with separate titles indicated, are as follows: R. L. Stevenson, 89; Lewis Carroll, 87; W. M. Thackeray, 84; Charles Dickens, 82; John Galsworthy, 81; Rudyard Kipling, 80; Walter de la Mare, 78; Leonard Merrick, 78; G. Bernard Shaw, 77; George Gissing, 74; H. G. Wells, 73; Samuel Butler, 71; R. Cunninghame-Graham, 68; W. H. Hudson, 66; Sir H. Rider Haggard, 64; George Moore, 62; Thomas Hardy, 60; Maurice Hewlett, 60; and John Masefield, 59. This list shows good taste and discrimination and indicates that the collectors of the first editions of modern English authors in England is a very intelligent body of booklovers.

NOTE AND COMMENT

SCHLOSS'S "English Bijou Almanac," one of the smallest of books, was recently purchased by a bidder by wireless for £50.

⁂ ⁂

John Smith & Son, Ltd., booksellers of Glasgow, have issued a catalogue of books relating to Scotland, entitled "Bibliotheca Scotica," containing 352 pages and 4,500 items, an important reference work on the subject.

⁂ ⁂

Spurr & Swift, of London, have in preparation a very attractive reissue of "The Letters of the Marchioness de Sévigné," in ten handy volumes, founded on the Dublin edition of 1762, with an introduction by Madame Emile Duclaux, who will also supply a comprehensive who's who of the personages referred to in the letters. The work is being printed at the University Press of Edinburgh.

C. E. Goodspeed & Co., of Boston, announce the publication of "The Graphic Processes," a series of actual prints, selected and arranged with notes by Louis A. Holman. The prints are examples of various kinds of etching, engraving, and lithographing, each print being attached to a separate folder on which are printed the notes concerning that print alone. The collection is encased in a cloth portfolio, and the edition is limited.

⁂ ⁂

The First Edition Club of London announces the publication of a volume containing reproductions of thirty bindings chosen for their artistic merit and antiquarian interest. The plates have been chosen and the descriptions written by G. D. Hobson, whose work on bindings is well known. The volume contains eighteen plates in full color and twelve in monochrome. It has been printed at the Chiswick Press and the edition limited to 600 copies.

⁂ ⁂

The Arthur A. Schomberg collection of negro literature has been formally presented to the New York Public Library and opened to the public at the 135th Street Branch, where it will permanently remain. The collection, which comprises 4,000 items, including books dating back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, manuscripts of negro authors, rare prints, magazines, and newspapers, was presented to the library by Frederic Keppel of the Carnegie Corporation, who recently purchased it for $10,000.

⁂ ⁂

The first three books to be issued by The John Day Company as publisher to the American Institute of Graphic Arts, now due to appear, are "Fifty Books of 1925," "Fifty Prints of 1925," and "Printing for Commerce;" the examples illustrated have all been displayed in exhibitions given by the Institute of Graphic Arts. The Institute is coöperating with New York University in a series of lectures on printing to be held during the second half year at the university, details of which will be announced soon.

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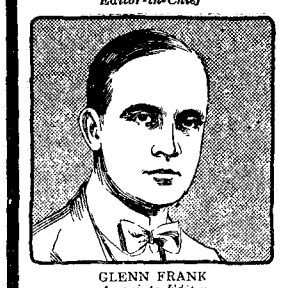

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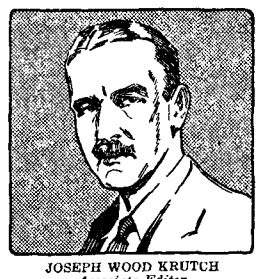

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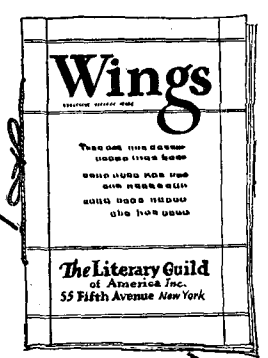

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